

Wreck This Journal

by xXxNeonSoundxXx

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Summary: A drabble collection of our favorite Karasuno boys and friends completing a book all about destruction. [Implied!Various x Reader]

1. Chapter 1

****Page 1â€|****

Sparkling grin plastered onto his face and eyes crinkled in excitement, Hinata walked into his classroom with minutes to spare. His palm still stung from morning practice and he wished for the familiar tingle to stick with him all day so he could relish in the feeling. As he sat in his seat, dropping his bag unceremoniously onto the floor next to him, he barely noticed the sound of a pencil scribbling onto paper coming from his right. Looking over towards his classmate, he noticed how she was slouched over in her chair, furiously scribbling into a book.

"Hey, [Name]-chan, what's that thing?"

Hearing her name being called by the bubbly ginger, [Name] stopped her doodling and placed her pencil down before facing him with a smile. She picked up the brand new book with both of her hands, presenting it to him with the front cover facing away from her.

"My uncle sent me a book for my birthday."

"Eh? 'Wreck This Journal'? What's it about?" Hinata tilted his head in confusion, staring at the glossy cover a bit before meeting her eyes with his own.

"Oh, it's just full of a bunch of prompts that you're supposed to follow. Random things like poking holes in pages and spilling stuff onto it." The young girl shrugged, turning back in her seat and flipping the book open once more. Taking her pencil back into her

hands, she began scribbling once more. "Right now, I'm working on the first page."

"What is it?"

Pausing in her work once more, [Name] flipped to the first page and showed Hinata its contents. On the piece of paper, Hinata could barely make out a collage of numbers decorating the entire page. Some numbers were drawn big, others small, some of them even had silly faces doodled over the top of them. They weren't in order, instead they formed a jumbled mess around the page and Hinata could barely tell where one number ended and the other began. The page looked like it was a mess, some of the colored numbers running into each other and mixing on the page. It looked ugly, obvious eraser marks protruding from the hodgepodge of numbers, showing where [Name] had tried to fix her mistakes. It looked plain awful.

It looked fun.

"Uwah! [Name]-chan, that book looks like a lot of fun! I wish I could have something like that!"

Said girl grinned, feeling quite proud that the Karasuno volleyball decoy was jealous over something she owned. Snapping her fingers as an idea came to mind, [Name] pushed the book onto his desk and opened it to a random page.

"I know, Hinata-kun, you can help me finish the book!"

"Eh?! Really, I can help?!" At her encouraging nod, Hinata gave a loud whoop of excitement.

"In fact, I think it would be fun if all our friends helped out!"

â€|Add your own page numbers.

2. Chapter 2

Page 2â€|

Grunting in frustration, [Name] threw her book across the gym as far as she could, nearly hitting her ginger classmate in the head as he went to pick up a stray volleyball. Screeching in surprise as the book nearly missed his face, Hinata froze as he felt its crisp pages graze his temple. The book landed with a resounding thump on the floor behind him and [Name] quickly ran in his direction, apologizing profusely.

"Hinata-kun, oh my gosh, I'm so sorry!" Picking up the book from its spot on the gym floor, [Name] eyed her friend to make sure he hadn't been hurt. "I wasn't aiming for you when I threw it, I swear!"

"Why were you throwing your book, [Name]-chan?!" Hinata yelled, flailing his arms about at the thought of getting knocked out by the bound paper. Remembering exactly what type of book it was, he looked at her in fear. "Did it tell you to throw it across the room? Are there other dangerous pages?!"

"N-No! Wellâ€¦ I don't knowâ€¦" Sighing in exasperation, [Name] thought it would be best to tell the truth. "Okay, so I'm kind of ashamed to say this, but I can't do this page. It's too hardâ€¦"

Showing him the instructions on the page, Hinata nodded before hitting his closed fist onto his opposite open palm as an idea struck him. "Let's go ask Asahi-san!"

Smiling with excitement, the first year duo ran over to the tall third year, eyes sparkling and hearts hopeful as they presented the instructions to Karasuno's ace. Taking one look at the book, with its new crisp pages and white, sharp edges, Asahi felt his face pale.

"E-Eh?! No way, I can't do that! It's a brand new book and that would ruin it!"

"Asahi-san, that's the point!"

"Yeah, Asahi-senpai, please! Just this once, I promise!"

The first year duo continued to pester Asahi with their ridiculous request, catching the attention of mostly everyone in attendance in the gym. Most of them tried their best to pay the rambunctious duo no attention, but the chatter that echoed from them throughout the small space had started to become quite bothersome after a minute. Daichi could feel his blood boil as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Hey, you two, don't you think you couldâ€¦"

"Asahi-senpai, I won't ask you for anything else!"

Snatching the offending book from the first year female's hands, he quickly snapped it shut. His anger got the best of him as he gripped it in both hands and soon it had bent at an awkward angle beneath his grasp, creating an almost ninety degree curve. The spine of the book broke with a resounding crack and the first year duo could only stare in bewilderment. Realizing his actions, Daichi quickly released his tight grip on the book and was about to apologize, but [Name] quickly interrupted him.

"Oh! You did it, Daichi-senpai! Thank you!"

Daichi could only stare in confusion as [Name] retrieved her book from his hands before skipping away.

â€¦Crack the spine.

3. Chapter 3

Page 3â€¦

"You guys practice for forever! I want to go out and have fun with everybody already!"

[Name] was sitting on the sidelines of the gym, whining mostly to herself as she waited for the Karasuno boys' volleyball team to

finish their practice. As she sat on one of the bleachers off to the side, she kicked at the air impatiently, swaying her body to and fro in an attempt to satiate her boredom. The members who were currently on the court paid her no mind, her complaints falling upon their deaf ears. The members off on the sidelines with her, however, were left to listen to her constant grievances.

"You didn't have to come watch us practice again, [Name]-chan," Daichi told the young first year, secretly hoping she would decide to leave soon. Her constant quibbles were starting to get on his last nerve.

"But Hinata-kun promised me we would hang out afterwards," [Name] drawled out, pointing an accusatory finger at the ginger.

Daichi felt his eye twitch in annoyance and he looked over towards Karasuno's decoy, nearly glaring a hole through his head. Sensing the ominous aura radiating off the team's captain, Sugawara decided it would be best to calm the bored first year girl down lest both she and Hinata fall victim to Daichi's wrath. The motherly third year went over to the girl as she continued to kick at the air, sitting next to her on the bleacher and getting her attention.

"[Name]-chan, why not do another page of your book?"

"Oh! Good idea, Suga-senpai!"

Quickly picking up her school bag, [Name] opened up multiple pockets and dug through the contents. Every so often a pencil or piece of paper would fall to the floor below, [Name] paying them no mind as they silently drifted away from her. Sugawara felt himself feeling sorry for the disorganized girl as she let different note papers float away; no wonder she was in the same class as Hinata.

After a few moments of searching, [Name] finally found her new book in the clutter of her bag. She held it up in the air triumphantly and gave a small noise of victory before promptly flipping it open and going to the page she had left it on. Eyes watching her intently as she read through the new instructions, Sugawara hoped this would be enough to rid [Name] of her boredom until practice was over. Checking the clock on the wall, he noted how they still had thirty minutes left.

The sound of a book snapping shut caught Sugawara's attention and he looked over just in time to see [Name] returning her book to its place in her bag. "Eh? [Name]-chan, aren't you going to finish another page?"

"I'm already done," she said simply, staring at the third year.

A slightly tense moment passed between the two and Sugawara found himself wondering what could have possibly been on that page that could be accomplished so quickly. Just as he was about to ask, [Name] cut him off with another drawl.

"Suga-senpai, I'm bored again!"

****â€|Leave this page blank on purpose.****

4. Chapter 4

Page 44

[Name] felt her eye twitch as she sat behind the blonde first year, her blood boiling at the mere sight of him. She tried her best to straighten her back as much as possible, tilting her head up in order to seem taller. Seeing over the top of his head during the school assembly seemed to be much more difficult than she anticipated. It was just her luck that Tsukishima's class just so happened to be seated in front of her own and the tall blonde had been placed right in front of her. For minutes on end she tried in vain to see passed the volleyball player's tall frame, her body shifting this way and that in order to see the assembly's display. Tsukishima hadn't been completely oblivious to her movements however, and he would often switch his own posture, blocking her deliberately.

"Having trouble there, shorty?"

[Name] growled as Tsukishima once again teased her, his hand going to cover the smirk that settled on his features. She huffed a bit in her seat, wanting desperately to smack the back of Tsukishima's head, but she knew the reprimanding eyes of her teacher were glaring her way the entire time due to her constant wriggling.

"You can try standing," Yamaguchi, who was sitting next to the tall snarky male, suggested with a small smile directed towards her. He looked at [Name] with slight sympathy as he gestured to some of the other shorter people in the crowd.

Looking around at her fellow short peers, [Name] noticed how they were standing from their seats in order to see the speaker on stage. Their teachers deemed it acceptable and [Name] found herself smiling at the new way she could see past Tsukishima. Standing quietly from her seat, she directed her eyes forward and got ready to pay the upmost attention. Her hopes were dashed however, when she noticed the slightly curly blonde hair still blocking her vision of the stage. She was still a few centimeters too short.

Tsukishima snickered and, beside him, Yamaguchi was trying his best not to let out a few chuckles as well. [Name] felt an embarrassed blush creep onto her face and she instantly sat down, digging through her backpack to look for something to throw at the pair. At this moment, she didn't care that she would get in trouble by her teacher. The embarrassment she suffered due to the pair and the revenge she wanted against them stood far beyond her natural morals. Her hand brushed up against the unconventional journal she had placed in there and she smirked. This would be the perfect thing to throw at their pretty faces.

"Shoot," she muttered, dropping the book on accident as she went to pull it out of her bag.

Landing with a muffled thump, the book flipped open to a random page with the instructions facing up. [Name]'s eyes landed on the words there and an idea formed in her mind. She kicked the book into place just in front of her, positioning it so that it wouldn't be too much in the way. Once she was satisfied with where it was, she stood once more, this time on top of the book. The dirt on her shoes stuck to the pages, staining them, but [Name] paid that no mind.

She could finally see over the blonde giant's head.

â€|Stand here.

5. Chapter 5

Page 5â€|

Feeling the warmth of her foam cup of coffee, [Name] sighed in bliss as the heat radiated through the cup and into her slightly numb fingers. The steam from her warm drink was slowly escaping into the cool evening air, fanning over her face whenever the wind blew it in the right direction. She took a small sip, wincing at the bitter taste as it burned the tip of her tongue a bit. She would need to let it cool for a moment before she could attempt to take another sip.

"Thank you for buying me a cup of coffee, Daichi-senpai," [Name] chirped, turning her focus towards the taller male.

Daichi merely grunted in response, his hands continuing to hand out the meat buns he had purchased for his teammates. They each thanked him one by one, some of them showing more excitement than others as they happily devoured the well needed food. Hinata, who had been jumping in place due to elation upon receiving his after practice treat, bounded over towards his female classmate.

"Ne, [Name]-chan, why did you want coffee instead of a meat bun?" Hinata asked, nose wrinkling a bit as the bitter smell of coffee invaded his nostrils. He took a bite of his food, muffling any other words that tried to escape his mouth.

"Oh, no reason," [Name] responded, winking a bit as she placed a single finger to her lips, telling Hinata to stay quiet.

Hinata watched as she shuffled the bag on her hip so she could dig through it, her hand disappearing into it before pulling out a book. Hinata recognized it as the journal that she was working on and he grinned, knowing she had some sort of plan. He helped her by holding the book in his free hand's open palm, keeping it steady as she flipped through the pages in order to reach the next prompt. When she finally stopped on a page, she pointed at the words and silently told Hinata to read the instructions.

"Daichi-san isn't going to like you wasting his money," Hinata whispered, his eyes widening a bit as he finished reading the page.

"Which is why he's not supposed to know," [Name] whispered back, her eyes darting towards the volleyball captain to make sure he wasn't looking. "Now hold the book still for a moment longer."

Hinata did as told, stuffing the rest of his meat bun in his mouth so he could hold the book with both hands. He watched as [Name] blew away the wafting steam before taking a very small sip. Her nose wrinkled upon tasting the drink and he could faintly hear her grunt a bit at the disappointing flavor. After a moment, she pulled her lips away from the cup, pursing them slightly as she bent forward towards

the pages of the book. Releasing the pressure in her cheeks, she spit the offending drink onto the page in a stream.

"Ew, [Name]-chan, that's disgusting!" Hinata flailed a bit, not wanting to hold the book in his hands anymore. In his hurry to get away, he accidentally bumped the female's arm, causing her to spill the contents of her cup onto him. He howled a bit at the sudden change in temperature of his skin, alerting the rest of the team to the duo's actions. "Ouch! T-That's still really hot!"

"Oi, quit fooling around over there!"

â€|Pour, spill, drip, spit, fling your coffee here.

6. Chapter 6

Page 6â€|

Kageyama growled a bit as he stalked down the corridors of Karasuno. He was searching for Hinata, a scowl marring his facial features as he looked into every classroom in hopes that the normally bubbly ginger would be in there. The two of them had promised to meet up in the gym during their lunch break, hoping to sneak in some extra practice for volleyball, but the shorter first year had been late. After waiting ten minutes, Kageyama had left the gym in a huff, planning to tell off the decoy and probably teach him a lesson or two about breaking promises.

"Idiot," Kageyama grunted under his breath, hand reaching out to open the door to Hinata's classroom.

Just as he was about to turn the handle, a breathy gasp caught his attention and he froze upon realizing he recognized the voice it belonged to. Returning his hand to his side, Kageyama leaned towards the door with his ear facing its wooden frame. He could hear hushed voices on the other side, one high pitched and whiny and the other lower pitched and laughing.

"H-Hinata-kun, don't just shove it through! You'll tear it!"

"No way, it'll fit! I promise!"

Kageyama could feel the blood drain from his face in shock before it rushed back with full force, painting his cheeks and ears with a fiery blush. He definitely recognized the two voices of Hinata and [Name] speaking to each other on the opposite side of the closed door. What they were doing, however, couldn't be determined by sound alone and Kageyama could only take wild guesses.

An audible ripping sound resounded through the door. "A-Ah, I told you! Hinata-kun, it's broken!" There was no way. He didn't, really?

"O-Oh, I'm sorry [Name]-chanâ€| I can try to fix it." He did.

"No! You can't fix it once it's broken, idiot!" But they couldn't be doing it in the classroom, could they?

By now the heated blush had pretty much consumed the first year

setter's face and he was absolutely sure that his teammate and friend were getting down and dirty. Collecting his resolve and swallowing the lump in his dry throat, Kageyama reached once more for the door handle before barging right in to the classroom. His eyes were squeezed shut in a vain attempt to not see what was going on. He wanted to give the pair enough time to realize he was there so they could get dressed andâ€œ"

"Oi, Kageyama, what are you doing here?"

Opening a single eye, Kageyama once again felt the color drain from his face as he took in the scenery. [Name] sat in one desk, her body fully clothed and not at all disheveled. Hinata was sitting in another desk, his uniform as neat as he could make it. Between them sat a single book, open to a page that was nearly torn in half. Various pencils of all shapes and sizes were poked through the remnants of the page, causing gaping holes to form. Suddenly all the phrases and noises Kageyama had heard made complete sense.

"Oh, Kageyama-kun, did you want to help with my journal?"

â€œ|Poke holes in this page using a pencil.

7. Chapter 7

Page 7â€œ|

"Psst. Hey, Suga-senpai, I have a question."

Sugawara tried to repress a heavy sigh as he plastered on a smile and faced [Name]. Tilting his head in question, he prompted the first year female to continue with her question so they he could hurry and finish tutoring Hinata. Volleyball practice was set to start any minute now and the poor ginger teen had yet to finish half the work he had set out to do in the first place.

"Can I borrow a pencil?" [Name] asked, fluttering her lashes a bit in a mock attempt to look cute.

Nodding in response, though inwardly he really wanted to groan and roll his eyes, Sugawara fished through his backpack for a writing utensil. His nimble fingers came upon a black pen, the plastic stained from overuse and the cover missing. He tossed it in [Name]'s direction and, as soon as he was sure she caught it, turned back to help Hinata with the rest of his homework. It took five seconds before he was being bothered once again.

"Psst. Suga-senpai, I asked for a pencil, not a pen."

"Does it really matter, [Name]-chan?" Sugawara asked. He was trying hard not to sound exasperated, instead wanting to show the first year duo that he definitely had the patience of a saint.

[Name] gave Sugawara a pout, rolling his pen back in his general direction. "Yes, as a matter of fact it does matter." She crossed her arms in a huff, fixing him with a small glare as she did so. It wasn't intimidating in the least, but Sugawara knew that if he didn't oblige to her wishes she would only continue to bother him until practice began.

Pocketing the pen, Sugawara once again left Hinata's aid in favor for searching through his school bag. He opened every pocket, sure that he had left a pencil somewhere in there. After emptying a few of his things onto the floor of the gym, Sugawara was glad to find his mechanical pencil. He shook it in his hand for a second, checking to see that it was indeed filled with lead before he tossed it over to the first year female. Upon receiving the pencil, [Name] gave Sugawara a wide, appreciative grin before she went back to finishing whatever it was she had been doing beforehand.

Sugawara gave a grateful sigh, glad that the little ordeal was finally over with. "Okay, Hinata, what is it exactly that you need help with and howâ€" "

"Oh, [Name]-chan, what is it you're doing with your book today?"

"I had to borrow Suga-sennpai's pencil so I could draw fat and thin lines. Want to help?"

"Okay!"

Sugawara twitched a bit upon realizing that Hinata had, once again, abandoned his homework. Said decoy was currently seated next to his classmate, his own pencil in hand as he drew lines in her book. The duo let out laughs of amusement as they continued to destroy the pages and Sugawara couldn't help but feel slightly annoyed that they had forgotten about his presence as their tutor.

Hinata never really did finish his homework that day.

â€| Draw fat lines and thin, pushing really hard with the pencil.

8. Chapter 8

Page 8â€|

"Hinata-kun, what does this look like to you?"

Turning towards the voice, Hinata was slightly shocked to find a canvass nearly shoved in his face. It had globs of paint stuck to it, dripping down the once white fabric in random streaks. Any more paint and the globs would be plummeting towards the classroom floor. On either side of the canvass, Hinata could see fingers. They were holding up the painting so he could see, the skin also covered in numerous amounts of colors. He knew that both the painting and the fingers belonged to his friend and classmate, [Name], despite the fact that he couldn't see her shorter stature from behind the giant canvass.

"Uhâ€| It looks likeâ€| a puddle?"

Lowering the canvass, [Name] looked down at it with a frown. "It was supposed to be a chameleon blending into a rainbowâ€| "

Scratching the back of his neck nervously, Hinata apologized for mistaking her painting for something else. [Name] merely shruggedâ€"she was never good at art anywayâ€"before setting her

painting off to the side and watching Hinata finish his own drawing. She scratched at her cheek a couple times, failing to notice that her fingers were leaving streaks of color every time. When Hinata had finished his piece, he turned to [Name] and had to bite his tongue to keep himself from laughing.

"Oi, [Name]-chan, nice face paint!" Hinata snickered, covering his mouth with his hand.

Looking in the reflective surface of a nearby window, [Name] was shocked to find all the colorful streaks lining her face. She scowled at the laughing volleyball player, running a hand through some paint as she approached him. "You're one to talk!"

Suddenly Hinata felt a lot stickier on his forehead and nose. Reaching a hand up, he wasn't too shocked to find that [Name] had smeared green paint all over his face. He grinned, dipping his fingers into some nearby purple paint in order to exact his revenge. Wiping his hand along her cheek and neck, Hinata and [Name] laughed loudly as they continued their paint war. It wasn't until their teacher had noticed their rambunctious attitude that they had to stop, promising to clean up all the messes they had made. By the time they had been caught, their hands were stained with every color of the rainbow.

"Before we clean up, we should do something first," [Name] said, making her way over to her workspace. Using her cleaner hand, she fished through her backpack before pulling out her journal. Hinata watched as she flipped through the pages before landing on the one she wanted. "Hinata-kun, come here for a second."

Doing as he was told, Hinata happily made his way over to the shorter girl, reading the instructions on the page over her shoulder. Once finished, the duo grinned at each other before pressing one of their hands down on either page. The paint on their hands smeared a bit, leaving behind a colorful handprint that would be forever documented in the book.

"One final thing," [Name] muttered, dipping her finger in black paint so she could write on the page.

'Hinata and [Name]; Best friends forever.'

â€|This page is for handprints or fingerprints; get them dirty then press down.

9. Chapter 9

Page 9â€|

Takeda watched as [Name] sat idly on the floor, her hands scribbling away diligently on a page of a book. A large number of crayon boxes were scattered around her person, all of them opened. Taking a peek into the boxes, one would be surprised to find that they were all completely full save for one crayon being missing. [Name] had been using the crayons on her book since volleyball practice had started, only picking out the black crayons from each box. Every so often she would pause, picking up another color before going straight back to the pile of black crayons she had accumulated. Takeda had started

wondering what she had been up to.

"Takeda-sensei," [Name] chirped, turning her attention away from her coloring page for a moment so she could look up at the advisor. "What color would you say Tsukishima's hair is?"

Baffled by the question, Takeda stammered a bit as he pushed his glasses up his nose. He glanced over at the tall first year, taking a good look at his features before putting a finger to his chin in thought. "I wouldn't really know, [Name]-san. Perhaps a sandy blonde?"

[Name] glanced over to her pile of crayons, pouting a bit as she was forced to look through the plethora of boxes that surrounded her. Takeda could faintly hear her mumbling to herself as she shook the crayons out of each box, creating a giant pile of color on the polished wood floor. Inwardly, Takeda hoped that she would clean up the mess that she made soon. If the vice principal happened to walk in, it wouldn't look very good for the floor to be stained with waxy colors.

"I'm not sure they make a sandy blonde crayon," [Name] mumbled more to herself than to anyone else. "Oh well, I'll just use canary yellow."

[Name] quickly picked up said crayon, turning back to her book before continuing to color her artwork. Curiosity once again got the best of Takeda and he found himself stepping closer to the sitting female, peering over her shoulder to get a look at what she was doing. He could see the corner of a page completely covered in black crayon. The way she had colored the page caused streaks to appear in the drawing, making it seem obvious as to the direction she had been coloring. She was hunched over the page, her eyes focused and tongue poking out the corner of her lips in concentration. Deciding that he would get nowhere by looking over her shoulder, Takeda poked [Name]'s arm, gaining her attention.

"What is it you're drawing, [Name]-san?"

"Oh, here, take a look Takeda-sensei!"

Placing her crayons down, [Name] opened the book further so Takeda could get a better look at her handy work. The page on the left was nearly covered in black crayon save for the words that were messily scribbled in the middle. Takeda could barely make out the kanji for the word "Karasuno, fly" in the middle of the black mass. On the right page Takeda could see nine little black circles with eyes. Upon further inspection—and with some hints from [Name]—Takeda figured out that they were pictures of crows, each bird representing a different feature of different volleyball teammates.

"I saw the banner you and Kiyoko-senpai cleaned up and, well—| My picture isn't as great as that."

Takeda smiled, ruffling [Name]'s hair as proud tears pricked at the corner of his eyes. "It's beautiful."

—|Color this entire page.

10. Chapter 10

Page 10

Daichi wanted to scream at the two first years, his eye twitching as he watched the sight before him unfold. Hinata was on one side of the volleyball net, tossing balls into the air before hitting them over the obstacle in front of him. On the other side of the net, [Name] stood with her book held between her hands, opening it to a page that Daichi could see was covered in random splotches of color. The color, Daichi had figured, was coming off the volleyballs Hinata was throwing across the net. Next to him on the floor were cans of paint, all of them opened so that Daichi could see the vibrant colored liquid inside.

"Come on, Hinata-kun, I'm sure you can get one more!" [Name] was cheering from her side of the net, egging on Hinata as he dipped yet another volleyball into a blue paint bucket.

"Maybe if you'd actually try to catch them, you'd have more marks on your book," Hinata quickly retaliated, slightly annoyed that most of the volleyballs he had hit towards his friend had missed completely.

Tossing the volleyball dipped in blue into the air, getting some of the paint on his fingers in the process, Hinata tried his best to take aim before spiking it over the net. The ball flew, little drops of paint scattering from impact, before the ball sailed towards [Name]. She ran around a bit, book held above her head in an attempt to catch the ball. In the end, however, it was all for naught as the pair soon realized that Hinata had put far too much power into his last hit and the ball went flying over her head, landing with a harsh squish on the wall behind her. It left a dark blue stain on the previously white walls, joining its multicolored brethren in the mess the first year duo had made.

"Hinata, [Name]," Daichi hissed through his teeth, his deathly calm outer demeanor betraying the boiling rage that threatened to strangle the pair.

Taking rather large, loud gulps, [Name] and Hinata glanced at each other before looking at the volleyball captain with sheepish eyes. They hadn't been expecting Daichi to arrive at the gym so early, sure that they would have time to clean up long before he showed his face. All the fun of spiking a ball dipped in paint at a book had gotten to their heads however, and soon the time had flown by and it was time for the team to arrive for practice.

"D-Don't worry Daichi-senpai," [Name] stuttered, waving her arms in front of her in order to calm the seething male. "I made sure the paint was washable! We were going to clean it up right after, I swear!"

Nodding quickly in agreement, Hinata spout out his own words of apology before telling Daichi he would start cleaning right away. He ran off, collecting all the stained volleyballs before dashing out of the gym in search for a hose, leaving [Name] with Daichi and all his wrath.

"A-At least the school director isn't here, r-right?"

As if on cue, a familiar pair of chubby hands and slightly off kilter wig opened the doors of the gym. Daichi could feel his heart skip a beat as the school director cast a glance around the paint covered room, a scowl on his face. Turning towards the young female, Daichi said one thing.

"[Name], you better start running."

â€|Throw something; a pencil, a ball dipped in paint.

11. Chapter 11

Page 11â€|

Picking up the rest of the volleyballs and placing them in the basket where they would be held overnight, Ennoshita gave off a small sigh. Now that practice had finally ended, he felt just as tired as he looked. Taking one last glance around the gym at his teammates who were already finished packing, the second year couldn't help but notice the small, female first year that was often hanging around Hinata. She was sitting on one of the benches to the side of the court, staying as still as possible as she watched the rest of the guys finish cleaning. Ennoshita thought it was strange seeing her sit so still, having grown accustomed to her usual hyper antics.

"[Name]-san, is something the matter?" He walked up to her once his duties were finished, head tilted to the side in a questioning manner.

Snapping her eyes away from the court as if she were broken from a trance, [Name] looked up at the second year approaching her. "No, I'm fine," [Name] responded, smiling up at the boy.

"Ah, well, okay then." Having run out of things to say to her, Ennoshita gave her a passing glance. Maybe it was his tired mind playing tricks on him, but he could swear that she looked slightly taller than normal. "[Name]-san, did you grow taller by any chance?"

Ennoshita was met with bubbly laughter as [Name] shook her head from side to side. She clutched at her stomach, trying in vain to keep her body still from the laughter that shook through her.

"No, no!" She gasped through her chortling. Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she wiped her eyes of any small tears before continuing. "I'm sitting on my book."

She had said it as if it were the most obvious and sane thing to do in the world, causing Ennoshita to look at her in confusion. Seeing the look the older male was giving her, [Name] waved her hands around a bit in a flailing motion, trying her best to explain herself.

"Ah, you see, I got these flowers and I'm pressing them into the book so they're nice and flat and crispy like, but I needed a heavy weight to press them down. I'm not saying I think I'm fat or anything, but I thought might as well since I sit at your guys' practice for so long anywayâ€| " She was rambling, that much Ennoshita was sure of, but her

explanations did make some sort of sense. "Anyway, I have to press the flowers down for a long time so they can stick to the pages."

Glancing at the clock, Ennoshita sighed. "[Name]-san, things like that usually take all night to work."

"E-Eh?!" [Name] gasped out in surprise. "I can't stay here over night! You think the couple hours I've been sitting is fine?"

Before he could respond, [Name] stood from her seat and revealed the book that had been smashed underneath her. She flipped through the pages before landing on the one she was looking for. Peering over her shoulder, Ennoshita could see different flowers all squashed flat onto the page where it would forever hold their beauty. Maybe a couple hours had worked?

"Oh no," [Name] cried as, one by one, the flowers fell to the gym floor below. She would have to start over again.

****â€|Press leaves and other found things.****

12. Chapter 12

****Page 12â€|****

"Asahi-senpai!"

Asahi flinched, looking in all directions down the hallway in search for the person who had called him out. Around him, people had started to whisper. Phrases such as 'first year girl' and 'pimping her out' floated to his ears and he instantly knew who it was that had been saying his name. He quickened his pace towards his classroom, feeling that he would rather not deal with the rambunctious first year so early on in the morning.

"Asahi-senpai, wait!"

A small hand latched itself onto his arm and Asahi had to keep himself from nearly shrieking in surprise when he was turned around forcefully. A frown formed onto his lips as he stared down at [Name], noticing that she had started huffing and puffing from running after the long legged male.

"Finally," she panted, one hand on her knee as she tried to catch her breath. "You walk very fast Asahi-senpai. I almost couldn't catch up with you."

Asahi wanted to tell her that it was intended for her not to catch him. "What is it you needed, [Name]-san?"

Smiling brightly, [Name] released her grip on the older male's arm before digging through her school bag. As she searched for an objectâ€"Asahi was sure she was searching for her journalâ€"she spoke to him in hushed tones.

"I need to borrow your switch blade."

"M-My what?!" Asahi felt the blood drain from his face, hoping nobody

had overheard her request. The last thing he wanted was another rumor about him floating around. "[Name]-san, I don't have one!"

"But look at you!" [Name] gestured to the male in front of her, her hand waving up and down his physical appearance. "You're scary looking! You're bound to have some sort of weapon on you, right?"

In a panic, Asahi placed his large hand over her mouth. He could already hear some of the other students present whispering harsh words. "[Name]-san, I don't have one of those," Asahi said, speaking lowly in order to hint to the girl that he didn't want any unneeded attention. "Even if I did, I wouldn't bring it to school."

Letting go of his hold her mouth, Asahi only received a pout from the young girl. She crossed her arms in front of her chest, abandoning her search for her book. "Now how am I supposed to scratch at the page in my book?"

"Use your nails!"

[Name] sighed, deciding to agree with Asahi's logicalâ€"albeit highly lameâ€"idea. Turning on her heel, she waved a goodbye. "See you later at the usual placeâ€" Pimp-sama."

Asahi wanted to scream.

â€"Scratch using a sharp object.

13. Chapter 13

**Page 13â€"*

Faltering in his step as yet another first year girl ran away from him in tears, Tanaka frowned. He had only wanted to ask where he could find Kageyama during the lunch break, seeing as the moody first year setter had a habit of wandering around on his own during school hours. The attempts were in vain however, as one by one, students would run away from him in intimidation. A scowl settled itself onto his face; for once he was trying really hard not to scare people away and that's all that seemed to be happening.

Noticing her friend's distress, [Name] frowned as she followed behind the taller male. She had been helping him in his quest to find Kageyama, having thought she knew his normal hang out spots, but upon finding nobody near the vending machines or on the school roof, the duo had decided to stick together. Now that she was tagging along with Tanaka, she could see that he had a hard time interacting with his kouhai. It wasn't that he was a bad person, he just radiated that sort of vibe.

"It's not like I'm trying to make them run," Tanaka grumbled quietly to himself, his posture worsening with every step. It only succeeded in making him look scarier.

Thinking quickly, [Name] opened her journalâ€"which she now had decided to carry with her everywhere she wentâ€"and flipped to a page she had been working on previously. It was filled with shaded markings of random object, the textures peeking through the page due to the graphite of her pencil sticking to certain places better than

others. She placed an extra sheet of paper over the top of the page she was looking at, trying her best to write with a steady hand as she walked. Once she was finished, she threw the extra sheet of paper away.

"Tanaka-senpai!" [Name]'s outburst caused the angered male to pause in his steps, turning to face her. She held the book up, facing the page towards him. The spot underneath the paper she had written on appeared to be blank and Tanaka saw no point in what she was showing him.

"Yeah?" He asked rather gruffly, wanted to get back to searching for the first year setter.

Shoving a pencil into his hand, [Name] held the book flat in her hands. "See that blank spot? Rub the pencil over that space."

"Why?"

"Just do it!"

Deciding it would be best not to argue with the smaller female, Tanaka did as he was told. He held the pencil up to the page, running the graphite tip against the paper and leaving a trail of gray as he did so. It took him a while to see the point in his action, only getting slightly more curious when he saw an alteration previously hidden in the page. Shading the spot further, he revealed a secret message.

Tanaka's eyes widened, his mind going over the phrase over and over again before an embarrassed blush tinted his cheeks. Reaching a hand up, he ruffled [Name]'s hair. "Thanks, squirt." He glanced at the page again, submitting the phrase to memory.

'I don't think you're scary! You're the best, Tanaka-senpai!'

â€|Do some rubbings with a pencil.

14. Chapter 14

Page 14â€|

"Ah, I think this is going to be my favorite page!"

Nishinoya looked over towards the first year female sitting nearby, raising a brow in question. She was flipping through her journal, searching for a new prompt to do, but had stopped on a page in only a few seconds after reading its content. Setting the book down, she turned to search through her school bag for the crayon boxes she always kept in there. Nishinoya walked over, looking over her shoulder to read at the instructions on the page.

"Oh, but what should I do?" [Name] mumbled to herself. Noticing the shoes that belonged to none other than Karasuno's Guardian Deity, she looked up from her position on the floor and beamed at him with a wide smile. "Nishinoya-senpai, you want to help me?"

Voice catching in his throat for a second due to the utterance of the honorific, Nishinoya nodded enthusiastically. He quickly took his place beside the female on the gym floor, accepting the box of colors she handed to him only moments later. Opening it up, he noticed that quite a few of the colors were missing, leaving only reds, blues, greens, and the ever so useless "in his opinion" white crayon. He pulled out a dark colored one, eyes scanning the name on the side of it: maroon.

[Name] had already started scribbling on the page, her hand making wild motions which caused the crayon in her hand to leave random streaks going in every direction. She was using a light blue crayon and, for a moment, Nishinoya thought she was trying to color in the sky. Suddenly she lifted her hand, taking the crayon with it before switching to an orange color. She then promptly stabbed the page with her orange crayon, leaving a messy dot in its wake. Nishinoya couldn't help but start laughing hysterically at the random action.

"You give it a try, Nishinoya-senpai," [Name] encouraged, pushing the pages of her book closer to him.

"Okay!"

Nishinoya then proceeded to scribble random shapes with his maroon crayon onto the page, not really caring where the color landed. He switched over to a dark green color after a few seconds, streaking the entire page with the color and accidentally getting the pigment on the gym floor. He was pressing pretty hard with the crayon, leaving a slight indent wherever he decided to trace.

"What are you two doing?"

Having been so into their drawing assignment, the pair didn't notice that Sugawara had started to walk up to them. [Name] smiled at the third year before waving him over, gesturing towards her journal which Nishinoya was stabbing with a gray crayon he had found.

"We're coloring! Do you want to join?" She laughed at Sugawara, noticing his shocked face upon glancing down at their artwork. "Nishinoya-senpai is amazing!"

"Of course I am," Nishinoya bragged, jabbing his chest with his thumb. "Because I'm your senpai!"

Sugawara could only shake his head and smile at his two friends' antics.

â€|Scribble wildy, violently, with reckless abandon.

15. Chapter 15

Page 15â€|

The sound of sobs and hiccups echoed through the air just outside the school building. [Name] was sitting, her body curled into itself with her arms hugging her knees. She was leaning most of her weight against the vending machine behind her, trying her best to hide her tear streaked face behind a curtain of hair. Her body shook with

every convulsing sob and, every so often, she wiped at her face, trying in vain to rid herself of the snot and tears that had started to accumulate.

Tanaka didn't really know what to do in these sort of situations.

"[Name]-chan? What's wrong?" He tentatively took a step towards the crying girl, crouching down so he could be eye level with her.

Taking gasping breaths, it took a minute before [Name] could respond. "M-My b-b-boyfriend broke up w-with m-me." Her voice cracked at the end of her sentence, causing a heart wrenching ache to reverberate within Tanaka.

He hadn't even known she'd been seeing someone.

Feeling guilty that he had known so little about his friend and finding a newfound urge to protect her, he placed a firm grip on her shoulder, looking at her with determination. "You want me to beat him up?"

Another sob escaped [Name]'s lips and she shook her head, refusing his idea for violence. At a loss for what to do next, Tanaka looked around for any sort of clue that could help him calm the poor first year. He noticed her school bag, haphazardly thrown to the side in her distressed state, and reached for it, asking permission to search inside. Without waiting for an answer, he opened it up and dug through the material, in search for the one thing he remembered making her happy. Calloused fingers pulled out the slightly ruined edges of a book and Tanaka started flipping through pages, sure he would find something that could help.

"Hey, hey," he started, trying to make his voice more cheerful in an attempt to rub the happy emotion off on the girl. He only succeeded in sounding more gruff, but he continued nonetheless. "Would doing a page in your book make you happy? Look here, we can tear this page into strips. Destruction is fun!"

[Name] glanced at the words on the page, her puffy eyes blinking slowly. She shrugged a bit, not really feeling up to tampering with her journal. Noticing her unwillingness to cooperate, Tanaka said the first thing that came to mind.

"We can draw his face on it _then_ tear up the page."

A silent moment passed between the two and Tanaka was starting to feel a nervous sweat run down his neck. He wasn't sure whether his methods of cheering [Name] up were working or not and it would be pretty difficult for him to explain to the rest of his friends why he had left the girl sobbing alone.

"Sure." Tanaka almost missed the nearly inaudible answer that [Name] muttered as she started digging through her bag for a pen. Pulling one out, she paused for a brief moment to sniffle before giving Tanaka a small smile. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it, squirt."

â€|Tear strips; rip it up.

16. Chapter 16

Page 16â€|

Shimizu didn't really know what to expect when [Name] had bounced over to her before practice asking for glue, tape, and other supplies. Certainly the black haired beauty hadn't expected a situation quite like the one before her.

[Name] was a mess. Glue was all over her hands and arms, causing bits and pieces of debris to stick to her skin. The parts of the glue that had dried were starting to peel, making the young first year look like a freshly molted gecko. There was tape everywhere on the poor girl, sticking to her clothes, hair, shoes, and basically anywhere else the adhesive could come in contact with. [Name] was uncomfortable, the tape tugging at strands of her hair as she tried in vain to get them out. Luckily for [Name], there weren't any staples protruding from her skin. Instead, the little pieces of metal were littered around the floor, some of them sticking to her shoes from the tape and glue that had adhered to the material there.

"Sh-Shimizu-senpai," [Name] gasped, noticing the third year manager staring at her. She felt a heated blush make its way to her cheeks, disliking the fact that she had managed to look like a fool in front of one of her idols.

"What happened?" Shimizu asked, making her way over to the distressed first year.

Shimizu started unraveling the tape that wound itself around [Name]'s arms, pulling slowly as to not hurt her skin. She balled up the adhesive into small wads, tossing them onto the floor to be picked up later. Every so often [Name] would wince, a sudden tug of the tape on her body pulling a few hairs she'd wish she could keep.

"I only wanted to do a page in my journal," [Name] admitted after a while, her eyes pointedly looking at the offending book on the floor. It was opened to a random page, the words clearly visible for all to see despite the fact there were splotches of glue all over it. "I didn't know it would be so difficult working with glue and tapeâ€|"

Smiling a tad and biting back a quiet laugh, Shimizu continued cleaning up [Name] from her wrapped up state. Once the first year was finished looking like a mummy made from tape, Shimizu grabbed a paper towel and helped wipe off all the glue, using bottled water as a means to make it easier to clean. [Name] found herself flushing in embarrassment from her quiet senior's kind actions. She was glad that none of the volleyball boys had shown up yet, taking their sweet time in the changing rooms. Surely they would never let [Name] live this mistake down.

"Thank you, Shimizu-senpai," [Name] murmured once she was mostly cleaned up from all the glue and tape.

Nodding, Shimizu watched as [Name] proceeded to clean up the mess she

had made, placing glue bottles and tape rolls away and picking up all the small staples littering the floor. The entire cleanup process only took a few minutes and soon [Name] was reaching down for her book on the floor. She latched onto a corner, tugging at the page before stopping her actions as the paper became taut in her hands.

"Ahâ€| My book is stuck to the floorâ€|"

â€|Glue, staple, or tape these pages together.

17. Chapter 17

Page 17â€|

Swerving harshly, a bus full of teenagersâ€"plus two adultsâ€"made its way down a frequently used road. Inside the bus, the Karasuno boys' volleyball team was chatting it up, passing the time as they all traveled together towards one destination. They were all very excitedâ€"who wouldn't be?â€"considering they were all invited once again to have practice matches with their newfound friends and rivals teams from Tokyo. It was going to be a weeklong event and everyone had packed accordingly, their filled-to-the-brim duffel bags shoved underneath the seats in front of them.

"Man, this is going to be great!" Hinata was literally bouncing in his seat. Out of all the volleyball boys, he had to be the most excited. After all, he had actually convinced Takeda to allow his best friend to join them on their weeklong field trip. "[Name]-chan! You finally get to meet Kenma and all the others! Aren't you excited?!"

"Yeah," [Name] responded shortly with a grunt and a nod.

Noticing that the girl's attention was, yet again, on her book rather than the world around her, Hinata found a small frown etch itself onto his face. He understood that she wanted to finish the book, but did she really have to work on it every hour of the day? Peering over her shoulder, he watched as she messily tried to draw lines on the pages in front of her. They were all skewed, going off in different directions despite the fact that she had been trying to make them straight.

"Wouldn't it be easier to draw lines while the bus is stopped?"

"No way, look at the instructions Hinata-kun," [Name] said, pointing briefly at the words that were at the top of the page. "It specifically states that the vehicle must be in motion. Now shhh, I'm trying to draw lines."

Pouting slightly, Hinata leaned back in his seat as he continued watching [Name] draw lines. Every so often his eyes would wander around the rest of the bus, noticing that all his teammatesâ€"save for Kageyamaâ€"were smiling, talking, and having an overall good time. He felt bad for thinking it, but he had started to wonder if he had made the right decision sitting next to [Name]. She would've been able to finish her pages just fine sitting next to Kageyama, leaving himself free to chat with whomever he pleased.

"There!" [Name] cheered, admiring her handy work at arm's length before replacing the book into her lap. Noticing that she had finally finished the page she was on, Hinata found a grin creeping onto his face. Now they could talk, right? "Okay, which page should I do next?"

Snapping [Name]'s book shut before she could flip to another page, Hinata gave her an uncharacteristic pouty glare. [Name] was mildly shocked by his sudden action, staring at him with slightly wide eyes in question.

"[Name], you can work on your journal all day when we're at the training camp!" Hinata was whining, his hands fumbling to take away the journal. "Talk with me now! Please?!"

Giving him a smile, [Name] nodded and accepted Hinata's offer for a chat. Who knew best friends could be so needy?

â€|Draw lines while in motion, on the bus, on a train, while walking.

18. Chapter 18

Page 18â€|

"So you see, using all of the different colored circular tabs helps you keep track of what documents go with which subjects."

Hinata, Kageyama, and [Name] all listened intently as their friend turned tutor, Hitoka Yachi, tried to explain one way the trio could organize their school work. She had been speaking to them for the past half hour about the importance of keeping files neatly organized, assuring that they could all do better in school if they could keep track of the work they needed to do. All three of them had been absorbing her knowledge, committing her wise words to memory so they could use them on a later date. However, it was only so long before someone was bound to get bored talking about organization.

Glancing down at the example notebook the blonde had set up for the academically challenged trio of first years, [Name] noted all the different colored circular stickers that littered the pages. Her eyes glistened a bit in excitement as she remembered reading a certain prompt that she had been struggling to do for the past few days.

"Yachi-chan," [Name] chirped, interrupting the girl's ongoing speech about a tidy workspace. "Do you think I can borrow some of your circle stickers?"

Yachi flushed a bit in embarrassment, though an excited smile made its way to her lips. A friend of hers was already attempting to use the advice she had been spewing and it made her feel rather proud for teaching them the knowledge her own mother had taught her. Giving [Name] a nod and affirmative squeak, Yachi sifted through the belongings in her bag. Once she had found the item she was searching for, she lifted it out of its confining space before tossing it in [Name]'s direction.

"Thank you!" Catching it with ease, [Name] proceeded to pull out her journal from her school bag. She flipped through the pages, finally landing on one where she then proceeded to stick a few circle stickers.

Nodding in satisfaction for what she thought was her friend's need to be organized, Yachi turned towards the two boys who had been waiting for her to continue her miniature lecture. The four first years barely noticed the time pass them by, the minute hand on the clock slowly but surely showing the progress of half an hour. By the time Yachi's lesson of organization had finished, the sun had started shining high in the sky. They could all feel their stomach's growl in signal that it would soon be time for lunch.

"Guys, come on. We're all going to eat before getting back to practicing with the other teams."

As if on cue, Sugawara walked up to the small group of friends, gesturing for them all to follow him to the area where all the teams would be gathering for lunch. Quickly standing from their seats, Kageyama and Hinata ran in their own little race towards sustenance. Sugawara followed soon after them, sighing as he trailed along at his own slow pace.

"We should go too, [Name]-chan," Yachi said as she dusted her skirt off after standing. Glancing down at her female companion, the blonde noticed how the journal she was working on was currently covered in circles of familiar looking colors.

"Ah, sorry Yachi-chan! I used all your stickers!"

Fill this page with circles.

19. Chapter 19

Page 19!

[Name] could feel her gut scrunching up at the sight before her, causing her stomach to give off an unpleasant gurgle. She felt sick, her mouth twisted into a frown as she held onto her abdomen, wishing desperately for her nausea to go away. She just couldn't comprehend how someone could shovel in that much food.

Nishinoya and Tanaka were shoveling down their food, practically inhaling the scraps left on their plates before running over to Shimizu to ask for seconds "or were they on their thirds? Kageyama and Hinata were right behind them, finishing their meals in a record amount of time as they raced each other. On the other table, where some of the members of other teams were located, [Name] could see other guys quickly cramming as much food as they could into their guts. The entire scene was rather grotesque for the young first year female as she sat alone, trying her best to down her meal as slowly as possible. She had started to feel full just watching her friends eat.

"Oi, [Name]-chan, you going to eat your food?" Hinata had come back from his journey to obtain more lunch, his plate once again full.

Looking down at her own plate which her friend had just gestured to, [Name] shook her head before shoving it away from her. "No thanks, I'm not that hungry." She watched as he proceeded to shrug, pulling her plate towards himself so he could nibble on her scraps.

Despite the initial disgust [Name] found in watching the males eat, she had started to grow quite fascinated. Hinata was practically taking one bite after another, almost not bothering to chew as he swallowed each mouthful. [Name] was reminded of a snake which had to unhinge its jaw in order to eat large amounts of food. She wondered if Hinata's jaw was able to unhinge.

"Oh, Hinata-kun, you have food on your cheek," [Name] said, pointing out the small stain that had landed on Hinata's skin.

Hinata swiped at his face with the back of his hand, completely missing the piece of food that stubbornly stuck there. Trying a few more times only resulted in the same outcome and he was about to give up. He could just leave it there and hope it would fall off later.

Noticing that Hinata had given up on ridding himself of his sloppy appearance, [Name] did the first thing that came to her mind. Tearing out a page from her book, which she had been flipping through earlier, [Name] leaned across the table in order to better reach Hinata. She placed the page upon his cheek, using it as a napkin to rid him of the mess he made. In turn, Hinata felt his cheeks raise a couple degrees in temperature, a faint pink dusting his skin.

"There we go," [Name] smiled, sitting back down and placing the page back in her book. "All clean."

The sound of disgusted grunts met the two teens' ears and they both turned towards the noise. At the end of their table, standing tall, was Tsukishima. A smirk was adorning his face as he looked the pair.

"Get a room will you? I'd rather not see you two acting like a couple in public."

"Sh-Shut up! Stupid Trashyshima!"

â€|Document your dinner; rub, smear, splatter your food; use this page as a napkin.

20. Chapter 20

Page 20â€|

Crouching down in the soft grass outside the gym, [Name] cooed at the small creature that was lazily lounging under the shade of a tall tree. Soft fur passed through nimble fingers as she pet the creature, watching as its eyes slipped shut from the comfort and attention it was receiving. Long ears that felt velvety to the touch twitched to and fro, catching onto the sounds that happened to snag the creature's attention. The young first year female was automatically stricken by the charm that emitted from her newfound fluffy friend and she couldn't help but enjoy being around it as time slowly ticked on by.

"Hey, [Name]-chan, is this where you've been all this time?"

Turning towards the voice, the Karasuno student held a single digit to her lips before shushing the intruder quite rudely. She glanced back down at the rabbit that was resting underneath her palm, hoping the loud voice wasn't enough to scare it away. Noticing that it was still sleeping soundly, she turned her attention back to the volleyball player that had approached her.

"Quiet, Bokuto-senpai, or you'll scare the bunny away," she whispered, chastising her newest friend for his rather loud voice.

In turn, the Fukurodani captain peered around [Name] to get a better look at the creature she was so enthralled with. He wrinkled his nose, noticing the rabbit laying in the grass and looking quite calm. It wasn't every day a rabbit would stroll onto a school campus, so seeing it was a bit of a surprise.

"How'd that thing get here?" He questioned, not bothering to lower his voice as he crouched down beside the female to get a better look at the animal. The rabbit's ears twitched, turning their focus onto the sound of Bokuto's voice and it opened its eyes to peer at him.

"I'm not sure," [Name] admitted, scratching the creature on its back once more. "I was sitting here thinking when I look over to my side and there it was, chewing on my book." The girl pointed over to her journal, showing Bokuto the page that had been damaged. Looking at it closely, he could see small bites taken out of the paper.

Putting a hand to his chin as he thought, he glanced back and forth between the girl and the rabbit. Her attention was completely focused on the animal and it annoyed him a bit considering he had come in search for her for a reason. As the seeds of a wicked idea sprouted in his head, Bokuto couldn't keep the grin from forming on his face.

"Boo!" He suddenly yelled, sounding louder than ever.

Startled beyond comprehension, the rabbit's eyes shot open before it ran for dear life, going in random directions to avoid whatever danger it thought it was in. [Name] could only frown and whine as she watched it go.

"Bokuto-senpai, what did you do that for?!"

Shrugging with a grin as he stood from his place, Bokuto grasped onto [Name]'s upper arm before tugging her to her feet. "No time to explain, come on. Kuroo and I want to talk to you!"

And with that, the pair ran off.

â€|Chew on this.

[Name] was starting to grumble quietly to herself. Running around the giant gymnasium was rather tiring when one had to help different team managers with different tasks. She wasn't even technically a team manager, yet she had to help around like she was one; though, she supposed it wouldn't be too fair if all she did was freeload around the gym either.

"Man, I'm really thirsty," she complained after wheeling a large cart of volleyballs from one side of the gym to the other.

Scanning the surrounding area for a source of water, [Name] was elated to find a giant jug with a tap attached to it. Skipping over it to it, she noticed that there was only one clean plastic cup left on the table where the jug sat. She reached a hand out, glad she would finally be able to quench her rather parched throat.

"Eh?" A moment of confusion passed over her as another hand quickly reached out for the plastic cup she had mentally claimed as hers. "H-Hey that was mine!"

"Oh, was it?" The offender who had stolen her cup, a rather amused Kuroo, gave the short girl a smug smirk as he took a long sip of water from it. After parting the plastic from his lips, he gave it a once over, clicking his tongue a bit. "Sorry, don't see your name anywhere here."

Giving her a sly smile accompanied with an amused chuckle, Kuroo ruffled [Name]'s hair with his large hand before making his way back over to his teammates. [Name] could practically feel her blood boiling as she watched the cocky captain slink away with her cup. Had her throat not been as dry as a desert, she was sure she would've given him a few choice words about his abhorrent behavior.

"Now what am I supposed to do?"

[Name] stood in front of the jug of water in silent defeat, her mind going over the many ways she could possibly get at the life giving liquid inside. She could try drinking from the tap, but that action would be so unsanitary. She could use someone else's cup, but that option, too, was rather disgusting in her opinion. Maybe she could go find more cups? But what if the water was gone by the time she came back? A heavy sigh escaped her lips; she was so close to her goal, yet a mere inch or two of plastic kept it as far away from her as possible.

"Oh, wait!" A sudden idea popped into her head and she thanked the heavens that she had decided to bring her journal along with her on the trip to Tokyo.

Ripping out a specific page of her journal, [Name] proceeded to curl it into a cone shape. She didn't have any tape on her at the moment, so she would have to work quickly if she wanted to get a drink. Holding the newly formed cone in her hand, she placed it under the flow of the tap before releasing the water from its jug-prison. It splashed into the makeshift cup, wetting [Name]'s hands a bit, and as soon as it was full enough for her, [Name] brought it to her lips. She swallowed the water greedily, wasting not a single drop.

"Ah, so satisfying," she sighed happily. Glancing over to where Kuroo

had retreated, she noticed that he had been watching her actions with a bemused smirk. "[Name]: one. Trash: zero."

â€|Make a funnel; drink some water.

22. Chapter 22

Page 22â€|

"Ah, that one is Kuroo-senpai!"

Pointing at the folded up piece of black paper that resembled a cat, [Name] continued to name each of the paper animals after boys from various volleyball teams. Meanwhile, the rest of the manager's from other schools, including Yachi and Shimizu, continued folding up colorful pieces of paper, creating whatever came to their minds. Night time had come quickly and, since nobody felt like going to bed so early, the girls had decided to pass the time by practicing origami. It had started off simply as making random creatures, but soon the girls were naming their creations, often times using the people they knew as inspiration.

"What about this one, [Name]-chan?" Yachi asked, holding up the black bird she had tried making. It was rough around the edges, parts of the paper being torn from her having to refold some of the creases over and over again.

Placing a finger to her chin in thought, [Name] looked at the bird closely. "That one is definitely Kageyama. Look how angry it looks!"

All the girls laughed, agreeing with [Name]'s judgment before going back to their own projects.

"Why don't you try making one, [Name]-chan?" One of the other manager's suggested, offering a few pieces of paper to the first year.

Taking up the offer, [Name] picked up one of the bright, intricately colored pieces of paper. She set to work on creating her own masterpiece, creasing the corners and edges with as much precision as she could muster. A few times she felt the edge of the paper slice at her skin, leaving searing paper cuts in their wake. She wouldn't give up though, not until her creation was complete.

"What is it supposed to be?"

"A frog," she replied hastily, noticing that the creature in her hands looked nothing like the animal she had been picturing.

Deciding it would be best to start over, [Name] grabbed another brightly colored piece of paper. She started folding it, trying her best to make the shape of a gold fish this time, but once again her skills seemed lacking. Being as art challenged as she was, [Name] tried in one last vain attempt to create a simple box instead. It ended up looking quite smashed and not box like in the least.

"Ugh," she grunted, reaching for her journal and ripping out a page.

She proceeded to crumple of the page in fury, deciding that her own form of origami was better suited for her art challenged hands.

"There. Done. Finally. Ugh!"

"Uhâ€¦ and what is that?"

Glaring at the girl who had asked the question, [Name] held up her paper ball. "It's a volleyball. Can't you tell?"

The other girls sighed, small amused smiles painting their lips. It was going to be a long night.

â€¦Crumple.

23. Chapter 23

Page 23â€¦

[Name] smiled, watching as the folded up piece of paper flew in her direction. It was creased in a specific way, making it into the shape of a plane that would cause the paper to be more aerodynamic. The pointed nose of the plane was slightly smashed after having landed multiple times onto the hard floor, causing the aircraft to wobble slightly in its path. Deciding that the poor folded up piece of paper had enough of its rough landings, [Name] reached up to catch it before it could once again plummet to the earth. After receiving it, she quickly unfolded it, careful not to rip the worn out creases.

Giggling at the funny message that had been messily scribbled onto the plane, [Name] wrote a reply, continuing the conversation. She folded the paper into its previous shape, following the guidelines that had been set by the deep creases, before throwing it back in the direction it came. Her eyes followed the paper as it flew across the gym, landing into the open palm of a very tall first year.

Lev grinned as he read the reply [Name] had tacked onto their long conversation. The two of them had been conversing with the paper plane for nearly ten minutes now, waiting for the rest of their respective teams to show up to the gym. Thinking that a normal conversation would be rather boring, [Name] had suggested the little game of sending each other notes with the plane. When the young female had asked Lev if he wanted to fold the paper into its plane shape, he had nodded hastily in excitement.

[Name] cursed a bit as she jumped into the air as high as she could, catching the plane between her fingers for the tenth time. Lev had thrown it just a tad too high and, had it not been for the weight of the plane's nose causing it to fall, it probably would have flown right over [Name]'s head. Opening up the new note, she quickly scanned the words written there.

'I bet you're so short, you can't catch this one.'

"I was almost right," Lev laughed from across the gym, holding his stomach a bit. "Next time I'll throw it just a little higher, okay?"

Feeling her eye twitch in annoyance at the insult, [Name] found

herself grinding her teeth a bit. True, she was shorter than nearly everyone at the training camp, but compared to the titan that was Lev, anybody could be called short.

"I'll show you who needs to jump for this damned plane," she grumbled, folding the plane up again without writing a message inside.

Using all the force she could muster in her arm, [Name] threw the paper airplane in Lev's direction. It soared high in the air, reaching well over the top of Lev's head; however, it gained very little distance. After reaching its highest point [Name] guessed it was about four meters [Name] guessed it was about four meters the plane turned tail towards the earth, plummeting fast towards its doom. The two teens watched in silence as it landed with a rather loud thud, the plane smashing under its own weight.

"Pfft, what kind of throw was that?!"

An embarrassed heat colored [Name]'s face and she let out a growl of frustration. Turning on her heel, the first year female promptly marched her way out of the gym. She never wanted to see another paper airplane as long as she lived.

** [Name] Make a paper airplane. **

24. Chapter 24

**Page 24 [Name] **

"Happy Birthday!"

Kenma watched in confusion and slight nervousness as [Name] sat next to him on the bench beside the volleyball court. She was holding out to him a package that seemed to be wrapped in what looked to be normal printing paper. It was taped up at around every corner, the areas where she had accidentally torn the page obvious to the setter's eyes. He glanced back and forth between her hands and her face, his brows furrowing a bit since he had no idea what to do.

"It's not my birthday [Name]" he mumbled quietly, hoping she would notice how he wasn't in the mood for unwanted attention.

"Fine, fine. Merry Christmas then," [Name] corrected, once again gesturing Kenma to take the unknown gift.

"It's not Christmas either [Name]"

"Happy Hanukah, Merry Kwanza, Happy New Year's," [Name] continued to prattle off random holidays, each time offering the gift up to the second year male. She was started to get slightly annoyed by his refusal and, once she had run out of holidays to list, she decided to simply place the gift on the bench between them. "Look, just accept the present, okay? Think of it as a peace offering or a sorry."

[Name] frowned, thinking about the moment she had met Kenma on the first day of the weeklong training camp. Hinata had been so excited to introduce her to the second year and all that emotion had rubbed

off on her, causing her to be just as giddy. She could still picture Kenma's terrified face when she suddenly wrapped her arms around him, enveloping him in a greeting hug. He had looked ready to pass out and she felt horrible for putting him through that trauma, having not known he was socially awkward.

Noticing her slight distress and thinking it would be less awkward for him to accept the gift, Kenma picked up the messily wrapped package. Mumbling a thank you, he picked at the tape a bit before he was able to neatly unfold the gift from its makeshift wrapping. He glanced at the paper, noticing that it seemed to have been torn from a journal.

"Hm?" Kenma grunted out a small noise of confusion as he pulled the small game cartridge out of its confines in the paper.

"Hinata-kun mentioned you liking video games," [Name] said, rubbing at the back of her neck in embarrassment. "That was the only one I brought with me. You probably already have it though, so if anything we can always tag team and play together whenever you're not on court, right?"

Eyeing the game cartridge in his hands, Kenma felt the small hints of a blush tinting his cheeks. Yes, he did in fact already own the game [Name] had gifted him, but it was a nice gesture for her to approach him with the offer of wanting to play together.

Removing his console from the pocket of his sport's jacket, Kenma inserted the game cartridge before turning on the game. He turned to [Name], a quiet 'sure' escaping his lips as he gave a small smile.

â€|Wrap something with this page.

25. Chapter 25

Page 25â€|

It was no secret that being in the presence of girls made Yamamoto quite nervous. Just the mere sight of a cute girl in the same room as him was enough to send a cold sweat down the back of his neck. His knees would knock together and the palms of his hands would feel slightly damper. Sometimes he even felt faint, his body and mind ready to pass out at any moment. He just didn't know how to handle being around those of the female gender.

Imagine his surprise when Karasuno arrived with not one, not two, but three girls tagging along with their team. Not only was he insanely jealous, but he was nervous. The moment the three girls had stepped off the bus, Yamamoto could feel his stomach start doing flips. [Name], the newest girl to join Karasuno's band of misfits, was nearly as adorable as Yachi, albeit a tad hyperactive and annoying at times. It was her outgoing nature that made Yamamoto feel like she would be the hardest one to talk to out of all three of them. That, and the fact she was highly oblivious to her sometimes teasing actions.

"Yamamoto-senpai, you want some candy?"

Yamamoto stiffened as [Name] held out a lollipop to him, shaking his head in refusal as a short grunt left his vocals. He wanted desperately for someoneâ€"anyoneâ€"to arrive at the gym and talk with him. As long as he didn't have to sit next to [Name] and her torturous ways.

"Suit yourself," [Name] muttered, shrugging a bit before she continued to suck on the piece of candy she had between her lips. She rolled it around her tongue a bit, her lips smacking quite audibly in an attempt to suck out all the flavor in her sugary treat. Every so often her once pink tongue would poke out between her lips, showing off the vibrant green color and that had decided to stain the soft muscle.

Yamamoto wanted to yell at her to eat her candy elsewhere, but his throat had seized up on him making it hard to breathe let alone speak. This was the deadly affect girls had on him.

Deciding that she had enough of twirling her candy around in her mouth, [Name] placed it between her molars before chomping down, a deafening crunch resounding from her mouth as the hard candy was easily crushed. As she chewed on the remains of her treat, [Name] flipped through the pages of her journal. Yamamoto was shocked when she brought it up to her face, her green stained tongue poking out to run across the length of the page. What the hell was she doing?

Humming to herself as she continued to lick at the once white page of the book, [Name] started creating a pattern. She wished she had another piece of candy to eat; preferably one of a different color. When her art piece was complete, she pulled the book away from her face, admiring the page for a moment.

"Look Yamamoto-senpai," she chirped, holding the book out to him so he could see the contents of the page. "I made a green smiley face!" With her unoccupied hand, [Name] held the lollipop out to him once more. "Are you sure you don't want a piece of candy? I'll let you draw on the page too!"

"U-Ugh!" Yamamoto fumbled with his words for a while, cheeks reddening at the thought of the indirect kiss. It was just too much for his frazzled mind and he quickly stood from his seat, briskly walking far away from the confused female.

"Geezâ€| If you didn't want any, all you had to say was no."

â€|Tongue Painting: eat some colorful candy; lick this page.

26. Chapter 26

Page 26â€|

Takeda smiled happily as he watched over his diligent students. They were sitting cross legged on the floor, all hunched over some sort of work, their hands scribbling or eyes scanning over the contents of a book. He was glad that the Karasuno boys were dedicated enough to at least try to study though they were still on break. It warmed his

heart to see his students working so hard.

Or at least, some of them were working hard.

A sigh escaped the bespectacled teacher's lips as he glanced over at the small group of students who had been slacking off on their school work for the past half hour. Among them, Hinata, Tanaka, Nishinoya, and Kageyama sat, huddled together as they chattedâ€"well, the former three chatted while Kageyama listenedâ€"instead of worked. Beside them, [Name] was at least trying to complete her assignment, but the noise that the four of them were making was quite distracting to the female and she found it rather hard to concentrate.

With brows furrowed into as much of a chastising look as he could muster, Takeda walked over to the group, preparing himself to scold them for being so lazy.

"Boys, have you finished your work yet?" Takeda had his hands on his hips in a typical scolding fashion, his eyes hidden behind his glasses as he looked down at the teenagers sitting on the floor.

Shoulders tensing at the sound of their teacher, the four boys turned their heads to look up at Takeda. All previous sounds of chatter and laughter halted immediately as they timidly looked up at him with sheepish grins, their hands pushing away the blank sheets of paper that were sitting idly next to them. They were trying their best to hide the fact that they hadn't even bothered to start on their assignments yet. They were going to get bad marks anyway; why even try?

Clicking his tongue a bit in disappointment, Takeda tried his best to look the least bit intimidating to the boys, but he only succeeded in looking disheartened. "At least [Name] is trying to finish her work," he said, gesturing a hand to the first year girl who had yet to acknowledge her teacher's presence.

[Name] was scribbling something into her book, eyes concentrated as she wrote out the words in the neatest penmanship she could do. She wanted the page to look perfect so that anyone who happened to stumble upon it could read her handwriting. Her hand had started to cramp a bit from all the writing she had been doing, but she couldn't stop now. Not when she was a mere three words away from being finished.

"There!" Holding up her book in triumph, [Name] dropped her writing utensil on the floor before facing the book to show the boys. "I finished another page of my journal!"

Looking closely at the page, the boys and Takeda noticed that the entire piece of paper was filled with one wordâ€"the word 'fly'â€"repeated over again. Takeda deadpanned as he realized [Name] had not been working on her assignment at all; in fact, her homework was seated right beside her, just as blank as the four boys she sat next to. He felt an overwhelming need to give up on the academically challenged students.

Slumping his shoulder in defeat, Takeda walked away from the group.

â€|Write one word over and over.

27. Chapter 27

Page 27â€|

The sound of pages fluttering through the air accompanied by the almost inaudible whir of an object being swung around reached Sugawara's and Yaku's ears. They had been chatting idly about their teammates, passing the time until they had to return to the court, when the odd sound had started up. Glancing around the large gym, both pairs of eyes scanning the area, their sights instantly landed on the one person they both wished wouldn't cause as much trouble as she did.

[Name] was whistling to herself, swinging around an object. Upon further inspection, Sugawara noticed that the object she was swinging just so happened to be her beloved journal she had been working on the entire trip. Both Sugawara and Yaku found themselves wincing as the cover and pages were swung about, often hitting the wall that [Name] was standing next to. More often than not, the book would recoil towards [Name] after bouncing against the wall and she would have to dodge in order to avoid a severe bruising.

"[Name]-chan, that's dangerous!" Sugawara cupped his hands around his mouth as he yelled over at the young first year, hoping she would heed his warning.

Hearing the silver haired teenager call out to her, [Name] paused her actions, letting the book fall limply as it swung back and forth like a pendulum. Sugawara frowned when he noticed that a mere shoelace was what [Name] had tied around the book. He wondered to himself if she had even bothered tying a secure knot.

"Don't worry, Suga-senpai," [Name] yelled back, swinging the arm holding the shoelace around, which in turn caused the book to flail about in the air. "I made the knot extra tight! It's safe, I promise!"

Sugawara sighed as he pinched the bridge of his nose, shaking his head a bit. Beside him, Yaku was giving the setter a knowing and sympathetic look. Nekoma's libero glanced back over to where [Name] had proceeded to swing her book around wildly and he couldn't help but feel worried for both the girl and the people around her.

"Is she always like that?" Yaku questioned, turning his gaze back to Sugawara.

"No, she's normally a very sweet girl," Sugawara confessed, rubbing at the back of his neck a bit as he avoided looking over to the reckless girl. "She just doesn't have very good ideas sometimes and, well, let's just say some of the boys on my team influence her in a negative wayâ€|"

Yaku nodded in understanding, knowing full well what it was like to have a normally sane person corrupted by their sporadic and often too crazy for the public friends. He thanked the heavens every day he met someone that managed to stay sane despite knowing the people he had grown accustomed to.

Deciding that they would return to their previous conversation, Sugawara and Yaku chatted lightly until a loud thump resounded through the gym.

"Ow! [Name]-chan, what the hell?!"

"S-Sorry, Noya-senpai! I guess I didn't tie the knot good enough!"

Sugawara and Yaku could only shake their heads.
"Children!"

Tie a string to the spine of this book; swing wildly; let it hit walls.

28. Chapter 28

Page 28

"A-Almost got it! Right there Bokuto-senpai!"

"Oi, hold still will you?!"

Akaashi watched with a blank stare at the scene unfolding before him. He wanted to say something in order to alert the two teenagers of his presence, but the awkward scene that was occurring before his very eyes caused the vocabulary in his brain to jumble. He could only come up with questions, his mind unable to come up with any possible answers. What were [Name] and Bokuto doing? Why were they making so much noise? Did they have to be doing it on the kitchen table?

"Uh!" The confused syllable escaped his mouth as he got a better look at the situation, instantly regretting it.

[Name], sitting on one side of the table, held a single chopstick in her hand. Across from her, Bokuto was doing the same, though he also had a camera in his free hand, the delicate object angled haphazardly in his hands. The two of them had their chopsticks pointed at one another and, between the chopsticks, [Name]'s journal was being held in the air. It wobbled in place as the duo tried their best to hold it up with the flimsy eating utensils.

"Okay, just stay right there," Bokuto commanded as he fiddled with the camera in one hand. His movements caused the book between the pair to wobble more, almost threatening to fall straight back onto the table. He cursed as it nearly slipped between the wood of the chopsticks. "Why is this so hard?!"

"Pfft," [Name] giggled immaturely, muttering a low 'that's what she said' under her breath. When Bokuto asked her what all the laughter was about, [Name] lifted her eyes towards him in order to repeat her joke, but her attention immediately went to the doorway where the Fukurodani volleyball vice-captain was instead. "Oh, hello Akaashi-senpai!"

"Oh, hey, good timing," Bokuto cheered, turning his attention to his teammate as well. "Come here and take a picture of this!"

"Why?" Akaashi was honestly confused, though it didn't show much on his face. He still wasn't too sure why the duo had a book balancing between two chopsticks. He wasn't even sure about the duo's sanity.

"Because I need proof that it's possible to pick up my journal without using my hands," [Name] replied, her face showing all seriousness.

"You're using your hands to hold the chopsticks," Akaashi pointed out.

Promptly, [Name] let go of the end of her chopstick, causing the book to fall onto the kitchen table with a loud thud. In turn, Bokuto nearly stumbled forward in his seat after the object he had been applying pressure on disappeared.

"Now what am I supposed to do?!" [Name] whined, flipping the book away from her in annoyance.

Akaashi sighed. "Idiotsâ€|"

â€|Pick up the journal without using your hands.

29. Chapter 29

Page 29â€|

"Thank you for helping me with this, Lev-kun," [Name] chirped, wobbling her arms a bit in order to gain a better sense of balance.

Currently, Lev was struggling to lift the first year female, her legs around his shoulders and bottom decently resting on the junction between his upper back and neck. She thanked the heavens she had decided to wear long pants instead of a skirt or shorts today. She looked a lot like a child being given a lift from their older brother or young father. Every so often, [Name] waved her hands around in the air to fix her wavering equilibrium. Admittedly, she wasn't used to being so high up in the air and every little movement Lev would make nearly caused her heart to jump into her throat as she swayed atop his shoulders.

Lev tried his best to shrug, one of his hands firmly wrapped around [Name]'s ankles in order to keep her still. "Just hurry up, you're getting heavy." He held her journal up to her with his free hand, waving it around.

Scoffing at the probably unintended insult to her weight, [Name] took the book from his impatient hand before taking a deep breath. This was it; this was the moment she had worked so hard forâ€"well, this was the moment Lev had worked so hard for since he was the one doing all the lifting. Mustering up as much strength as she could, [Name] yelled out a strangled 'hah' and she threw her book straight up into the air. It landed with an unimpressive thud a few feet away from the pair and they could only stare blankly at it from their spot.

"That was really lame, [Name]-chan," Lev bluntly stated as he helped

the girl off his shoulders.

"Pfft, you're lame," she retorted weakly, walking over to her journal once she was safely on the ground. She picked it up, examining the outer cover for any sort of damages that could have occurred during the fall. There were none. "Maybe we can try again, but with different peopleâ€¦ Taller people."

"I think I'm the tallest one here," Lev said, the hint of a proud smirk making its way onto his face. "Who else would you ask anyway?"

"Kuroo-senpai, Bokuto-senpai, Trashyshimaâ€¦" [Name] started listing off all the vertically gifted people she knew, counting them off on her fingers. Thinking about them in comparison to Lev however, [Name] soon realized that the blonde Russian really was the tallest person she knew. "Oh, I know!"

Latching her hand onto Lev's, [Name] began to drag him around the training camp in search of one person. Lev, who had no idea where the short female was taking him, stumbled along behind her.

"What are we doing now?" He asked.

Shooting him a mischievous grin, [Name] continued to drag him along on her search as she answered. "The next tallest guy is Kuroo-senpai, right?"

"Uh huh," Lev answered slowly, uncertain as to where she was going with the idea.

"You think he'll let _you_ climb up on _his_ shoulders?"

****â€¦Climb up high; drop the journal.****

30. Chapter 30

****Page 30â€¦****

Handshakes, hugs, and the occasional pat on the head was given as the different teams that had arrived for the weeklong training camp said their final goodbyes. The seven days of torturous fun had finally come to an end and it was time for the high school students to go back to their respective campuses, only to return to their own gyms and studies. Out of all the teams that had been invited to the camp, Karasuno was the first to pack their things and go. Being the school that came from the farthest distance away, they had to leave earlier than the rest in order to make it home by nightfall.

"Thank you for invited us again!" The team and managers said in unison, bowing low out of respect for the people who had made their training possible.

One by one, the Karasuno students filed onto their rented bus. Being responsible for the teenagers, Takeda took count of who had arrived on the bus, naming them off as they passed him by. He made a mental note of which students were sitting next to each other, knowing full well the consequences of certain people being too close together.

"Ah, wait, where's [Name]-san?"

The question had caught everyone off guard and, faces filled with confusion, they started to glance around the immediate area in search for the first year female.

"I think I know," Hinata piped up, standing from his seat as he made his way off the bus. "I'll go get her."

Once he had left the large vehicle, Hinata made a beeline for the grassy field just outside the gyms. As he walked, he looked around the large area they had been at for their training camp, his heart still fluttering wildly as he thought about all the practice games they had played there. It would probably be a very long time until they would all get together again like this. He hoped by the time training camp started up again, he and his teammates would have improved tenfold.

Thinking about volleyball had caused Hinata's mind to go on autopilot and, before he knew it, he was standing only a few feet from [Name]. She was exactly where he thought she'd be.

"[Name]-chan, the bus is going to leave soon," Hinata warned, walking up beside his best friend.

"I can't leave!" [Name] mumbled out her response. Hinata found himself frowning at her tone. Why did she sound so sad all of a sudden?

"H-Hey, it's no big deal, we'll visit everyone again soon!" Hinata flailed his arms a bit, trying his best to comfort his upset friend. "And it's not like you can't talk to them, anyway! Remember? Kenma even gave you his number too!"

"That's not the problem, Hinata-kun!" [Name] turned on her heel towards the middle blocker, her expression showing him that she was quite distressed. Giving her a questioning look in response, Hinata waited patiently for her to continue. "I can't leave yet! I haven't found the page of my journal that I buried here at the beginning of the week! I don't remember where it was!"

It was then that Hinata noticed the multiple holes in the ground where [Name] had spent the last half hour searching. This time, even he had to sigh at her ridiculous antics.

Compost this page; watch it deteriorate.

31. Chapter 31

Page 31

Staring at the blank page of her journal, [Name] placed the eraser of her pencil against her lip in thought. She hadn't the slightest idea of how to complete this page, all thoughts that seemed to usually come to her brain within seconds having fled the recesses of her mind. Normally, she could just place the tip of her pencil on the paper and an idea would form from there, but today it just wasn't cutting it. [Name] was in one hell of an art block.

"Oh look, shorty is working on her book again."

"Shut up, Tsukishima!" [Name]'s retort lacked its usual bite, causing both Tsukishima and Yamaguchi to do a double take at the girl.

Bending a bit so he could get closer to her level, Yamaguchi peered over at the blank page that was sitting before the bothered girl. He noticed how her foot was tapping and her fingers were idly playing with the pencil in her grasp, the fidgeting motions showing him that she was annoyed by one thing or another. Giving her a gentle smile, he tilted his head in inquiry.

"What seems to be the problem, [Name]-chan?"

Hearing Yamaguchi's voice, and recognizing him as the sweeter of the two males who had approached her, [Name] turned her attention to meet his eyes. She gave him a frown, gesturing to her open book. "I don't know what to do on this page and it's really bothering me." She turned her attention back to the book, eyes practically burning holes into the paper. "Normally I can do something like this no problem, but today it just seems really hard!"

Glancing down at the instructions that were written on the book, Tsukishima found himself snorting as he rolled his eyes. "Yeah, no kidding. That should be easy for someone like you." [Name] flinched at the insult and nearly backed away in repulsion as Tsukishima crouched down to take the pencil from her. "Here, let me do it."

Yamaguchi and [Name] watched as Tsukishima proceeded to draw on the blank page. Often he would draw a line, only to erase it a second later before redrawing it at a different angle. After a while, it became obvious to the other two that he was drawing a person, their facial features soon coming into view as he finished their portrait. After he finished the first person, he went on to a second then a third, each drawing seeming almost life like.

Yamaguchi had started giggling, struggling in hiding his laughter behind his closed fist. "Tsukki, that's so mean!"

"Ugh, stupid Trashyshima, that's not what the prompt said to do!" [Name] scolded him, taking her book back so she could keep it away from the tall bespectacled teenager. She couldn't bring herself to erase the images however, thinking that the pictures were drawn too nicely to be destroyed. Who knew Tsukishima had any artistic talent?

Standing straight, Tsukishima merely shrugged with his usual smirk plastered on his face. "What are you talking about [Name]-chan?" He asked, his voice sounding deceptively sweet. "I think my drawings of Hinata, Kageyama, and Tanaka fit perfectly."

!Do a really ugly drawing.

[Name] stared at the page of her journal in confusion, not quite sure how to go about completing the prompt. It was so open ended and there were so many possible answers she could choose in order to complete its task, but [Name] was having a hard time deciding which path she should take. Slumping over so she was lying on her back on the floor, she kicked her legs in the air.

Currently, she was in Hinata's home, waiting for him to return from the kitchen with the snacks he had promised. The two had told themselves they would spend the day studying for their next exam together, but had instead quickly moved on to watching cheesy movies and getting their hands on whatever food they could find. Hinata's little sister, Natsu, had joined in on their shenanigans halfway through the afternoon. At the moment she was helping her brother retrieve the snacks, having said something about him not knowing what was best for eating during a movie.

"[Name]-onee," Natsu whined, her voice sounding through the living room door as she entered the room with arms full of jars. "Do you like any of this stuff?"

Sitting up from her position on the floor, [Name] watched as Natsu proceeded to dump her haul of food on the living room table. There were multiple jars of sweet things like peanut butter, chocolate spread, and marshmallow cream littering the table. [Name] could tell that some of the jars had been opened, the sweet spreads staining the outside of the jar. Looking closely at Natsu, [Name] instantly knew that it was the young girl who had opened all the jars in an attempt to get a taste.

"Natsu-chan, you have sticky stuff all over your hands and mouth," [Name] exclaimed through her laughter, pointing at the sullied digits of Natsu's hands.

"Eh?" Natsu looked at her hands in question, finding that she did indeed have sweet substances all over her fingers. Thinking it would be best to get the food off her skin before she touched anything else, Natsu began to lick at the stains.

"W-Wait, Natsu-chan, here. Place your hands here for a second," [Name] said, holding the pages of her book out towards the small girl.

Confusion settled onto Natsu's features for a moment, but after receiving an approving nod and encouraging smile from [Name], she placed her small sticky hands on the page. Pressing down with slight pressure, Natsu could feel the sweets on her hands squishing onto the previously blank page. When she pulled away, she could see her hand print as clear as day, the different foods creating an almost surreal pattern on the page that mesmerized her.

"Wow, [Name]-onee, it looks so pretty!" Natsu squealed in delight, asking [Name] if she could try again on another blank sheet of paper.

Giggling at the young girl's enthusiasm, [Name] flipped through the pages of her book in search for another page similar to the one she had just completed with Natsu's help. When she found none, she did the next best thing and grabbed paper from her notebook, handing them

over to the excited girl.

Needless to say, when Hinata finally returned to the living room, Natsu hands weren't the only thing he needed to clean up.

****â€|Place sticky things here.****

33. Chapter 33

****Page 33â€|****

Groaning to herself, [Name] proceeded to roll around on her bed for the umpteenth time that afternoon. Her cellphone was in her hands, the screen showing her the endless amount of names she had in her contact list. She had already called several of her friends in hopes that any of them could cure her boredom, but to no avail. They were all either busy or away from their phones. Even the Karasuno boys had weekend practice to attend, leaving [Name] with no other options.

"What am I going to do?" She drawled, flipping herself onto her stomach as she messed with the apps on her phone.

Directing herself to the folder that held all her games, she scanned through them all quickly. She had defeated most of her puzzle games already, beaten the high scores for all her racing games, and had completed all the endings to her otome games. She was in desperate need of a new one that would catch her attention.

"Oh, wait, I know!"

With an idea suddenly manifesting in her head, [Name] went back to her contact's list, scanning the names quickly for one in particular. Once she found it, she dialed the number before holding her cellphone to her ear. Silently, she prayed that the boy wasn't busy with his own practice or other activities.

"Ah, h-hello?"

"Kenma-senpai!" Mentally cheering to herself, [Name] sat upright on her bed. Her journal, which had been sitting next to her, bounced upon the surface of her bed with her movements. As she greeted the second year setter, she proceeded to flip through the pages. "How are you? What are you up to right now?"

It took a while for Kenma to answer, not quite used to actually speaking with people over the phone line. He wished [Name] had texted him instead, leaving him the option of taking time to answer her inquiries without the need for awkward pauses. Taking a breath, he mumbled out a response.

"I was playing a gameâ€|"

"Oh, were you?" [Name] chimed, grabbing a pen off of her desk so she could doodle on a page of her journal. "That's actually why I called you. I've run out of games to play on my phone and was wondering if you had any suggestions."

"Oh." From the sound of his voice, [Name] could tell that this line

of conversation seemed to catch Kenma's interest. He sounded slightly more enthusiastic talking about video games than he did anything else. _"Actually, I just got a new game thatâ€"_"_

_"Oi, Kenma, who are you talking to?" _Another voice cut through Kenma's answer and [Name] immediately recognized the voice as the bed-headed captain, Kuroo. She heard the sound of the phone shuffling between hands. _"Oh, hello [Name]-chan! If you wanted to talk with me, you should've said so."_

Pulling the phone away from her ear, [Name] hung up. She wasn't that desperate for social stimulation.

â€|Pretend you are doodling on the back of an envelope while on the phone.

34. Chapter 34

Page 34â€|

Eyes fixated on the volleyball in his hands, Kageyama tried his best to ignore the constant sound of snipping scissors and tear of tape. He had arrived at the gym early in hopes of getting in some practice on his jump serves, but the incessant noise from his only companion in the room seemed to serve as quite the distraction. He had already missed three serves and hit the net several times. Kageyama could already feel his eye twitching as the sound of slicing paper continued to penetrate his eardrums.

"Oi, knock it off already," he commanded [Name], pointing a finger at her.

From her spot on the gym floor, [Name] looked up at Kageyama. She puffed out her cheeks slightly in a huff, dropping the objects in her hands. They landed on the floor of the gym with a loud clatter, the rush of wind from their impact scattering small scraps of paper all around. To say the gym floor was a mess would be an understatement.

"That's really rude of you to say, Kageyama-kun," [Name] said, pouting a bit. "Especially when I'm making something for you."

The blush that found its way to Kageyama's face went unseen by the girl as she instantly drifted her attention back to her project at hand. The sound of snipping scissors and slicing paper once again filled the room. Setting the volleyball down at his feet, Kageyama abandoned it to walk over towards the female, his curiosity settling in. He wanted to know what she was making.

Upon inspection of the mess, Kageyama could tell that she had been cutting the paper from out of the journal she often kept with her. The book was open, an obvious sliver of paper sticking out of the binding from where she had torn a page out. Scattered around were little scraps of rectangular paper. To anyone passing by, they may have looked like pieces of trash, but looking closely, Kageyama could tell that they had little designs drawn onto them.

"What's your favorite color?" [Name] asked, pausing her actions momentarily to look up at the first year setter. When all she

received as an answer was an uninterested shrug, she pouted. "Come on, you must like some colors over others, right? Just choose one."

"Surprise me," Kageyama stated bluntly, not caring one way or another what color she used.

He watched as she sighed heavily, reaching for a random pen with colored ink out of a pile of many. When her fingers brushed up against it, she took the cap off and grinned before continuing in the process of coloring her project. Much to Kageyama's chagrin and unfortunate luck, she had randomly picked out pink. Mentally cursing himself, he regretted not picking a color.

A few minutes later and [Name] was cheering to herself. By then Kageyama had gone back to practicing his serves and hadn't noticed when she got up to skip over to him. It wasn't until he felt something being placed on the top of his head did he realize she had finished her so called present.

"What the hell?" Kageyama muttered, reaching a hand up to fiddle with the paper rings adorning his head.

"I've made you a crown," [Name] chirped happily. "Now you really are a king!"

â€|Make a paper chain.

35. Chapter 35

Page 35â€|

Hearing the familiar sound of the bell at the entrance to the store, Ukai looked up from the magazine he was idly flipping through to greet the customer that happened to walk in. His eyes landed upon a familiar student and he merely grunted in greeting, going back to scanning the words of the article before him as he chewed on the butt of his cigarette. It had longed since burned out, but he couldn't get himself to throw it away and start a new one just yet.

"Hi, Coach Ukai," [Name] chirped, placing her elbows on the counter before resting her head on her closed fists. In front of her, she had placed her favorite journal on the counter. Ukai noticed how it seemed to get fatter every time he saw it, the pages practically bursting with random items.

"Hello, [Name]-san," Ukai greeted the first year, eyes glancing in her direction briefly. "There isn't any practice today."

"Oh, I know that," [Name] responded, waving one of her hands in the air in an understanding gesture. "I wanted to come visit the store today!" She looked around the store quickly, her eyes looking over the different items on the shelves. When she couldn't find the exact item she was looking for right away, she turned back to face the older male. "You have fruit here, right?"

"In the back near the fridge," Ukai responds, pointing in its general direction without looking up. Her request goes in one ear and out the other for Ukai and he barely thinks about why she would be wanting

fruit.

Hearing the sound of [Name] moving away from the counter, Ukai goes back to focusing on the magazine in his hands. He flips through the pages idly, scanning for articles that he was interested in reading. The store goes silent for a few minutes andâ€”feeling as if something were offâ€”Ukai looks up. [Name] is nowhere to be seen immediately, her small frame hidden behind shelves. She's making way too little noise and Ukai finds himself feeling a bit anxious. What did she want to get in the store again?

Standing from his seat, Ukai walks around the counter and starts to walk through the different isles. His eyes look down every walkway, searching for the student. It's at the very last section of the store, the refrigerated section, where he finds her.

Hunched over a bunch of fruit, [Name] barely registers the sound of Ukai's footsteps getting closer to her. She's picking up different fruits, picking at them for a second before placing them back down on the shelf they were on. Just as she's about to reach for an apple, a sudden voice startles her into dropping her collection. A pile of stickers flutters to the floor, sticking to the linoleum.

"Oi, you can't just take the stickers off all the fruit, damnit!"

"But Coach," [Name] whines, stooping low to quickly pick up the pieces that had fallen. "I need them for my book!"

"I don't care! Either put them all back or pay for them! H-Hey, wait! Get back here!"

Ukai nearly stumbles over himself as [Name] quickly dashes around him and out the store, laughing about an 'I.O.U'.

â€|Collect fruit stickers here.

36. Chapter 36

Page 36â€|

Setting the stack of graded tests down at the corner of his desk, Takeda moved his attention towards the pile of ungraded assignments that had accumulated over the week. Normally he was very efficient when it came to grading papers for his class, but this week had been an important one for the volleyball club and, before he knew it, a large amount of assignments had made its way into his inbox. Takeda was severely behind on grading his students' assignments. Being the diligent teacher he was, however, he decided that skipping his lunch break should serve as enough time to finally catch up.

"Takeda-sensei!"

That is, if he wasn't subject to disturbances.

"Yes, [Name]-san?" Takeda smiled towards the hyperactive female, fixing his glasses which had decided to fall down the bridge of his nose.

"You have paperclips, right?" [Name] asked curiously, glancing all around the teacher's desk. "Can I perhaps have some of them?"

Opening a drawer that was to his left side, Takeda reached in and fiddled around with the items that were inside. After a beat, he pulled out a small container of metal paperclips, each one being of a different color. Handing the container to the girl, he watched as she pulled out six "one of each color" before returning the container to him with a thankful smile. Had it not been for her continuous staring, Takeda would've gone back to grading papers.

"Is there anything else you need?" He asked, barely registering the sound of another students walking into the room.

"Yes, actually. I need some staples and tape and glue." Takeda gave her a look, remembering the time she had used those three items and had accidentally glued her journal to the gym floor. Noticing his stare and guessing at his train of thought, [Name] waved her arms around frantically with a sheepish look. "I promise nothing like last time will happen again! I'll even do it over on that desk where you can see me!" [Name] pointed over to a desk which was only a few feet away from Takeda's, looking at him with pleading eyes.

Sighing a bit, Takeda reluctantly reached into the same drawer he had opened earlier and provided [Name] with the supplies she needed. Chirping out her thanks, the young first year gathered up her items and quickly scurried over to the desk where she proceeded to flip open her journal. The sound of its pages being flipped through reminded Takeda that he still had plenty of paperwork left to grade. Turning his attention back to the pile of work, Takeda mentally prepared himself for the onslaught of work.

"Huh?" Confusion settled into his voice as he noticed yet another new pile of ungraded work on his desk. Glancing through it, he noticed how it seemed to be dated for that day. His work load had just tripled itself in size over a matter of minutes. Things couldn't get much worse.

"Uh, Takeda-sensei?" Looking over in [Name]'s direction only proved him wrong. "I think I accidentally glued the paperclips to the desk! At least it's not my book this time!"

** "Cover this page using only office supplies." **

37. Chapter 37

** Page 37 **

[Name] tapped her foot against the concrete of the walkway impatiently, her arms folded across her chest as she tried her best to wait for Karasuno's Guardian Deity. The rest of the volleyball players had left long ago, all of them excitedly on their way to Ukai's store where Daichi would proceed to buy them meat buns as usual. Nishinoya had decided to stay back for a few minutes in order to shower in the gym "he had been sweating more than usual today and the smell had even started to get to him. Being the good friend that she was, [Name] decided to keep Nishinoya company by waiting for him

outside the locker rooms.

Of course, her generosity came with a price.

"Oi, [Name]-chan, here you go."

Turning on her heel, [Name] had to fumble a bit as a dripping mass was thrown at her. She fumbled with it a bit before finally getting a good grasp on it, noticing that it was her journal which had been thrown at her. Holding it up by the edges, she noticed how the pages were all sopping wet; some of the pages that had ink on them had even started running, creating cool patterns. To anyone else, the book would be completely ruined, but to [Name] it was perfect.

"Thank you for helping me with my journal, Nishinoya-senpai," [Name] said with a smile, looking at the fresh out of the shower libero.

Giving her a large grin and a thumbs up, Nishinoya proceeded to sling his bag over his shoulder before striding forward. [Name] followed slightly behind him, bringing the corner of her journal up to her nose as she inhaled its new scent.

"Why did you want me to do that for you, anyway?" Nishinoya asked, his voice full of curiosity as he continued to watch where he was going. The towel that was still slung over his shoulder fluttered slightly in the wind as he walked and [Name] wanted to reach out and take it from him. "You could've asked anybody else in the club."

Blushing a light pink, [Name] turned to avoid looking at the back of Nishinoya's head. "Y-You take the longest showers, so I thought it would be better for the prompt. That's all," [Name] explained quickly, her voice sounding a bit flustered.

"Oh? Are you sure that's it?" Nishinoya said, noticing her nervous tone. A mischevious grin plastered itself onto his lips as he stopped to look her in the eye. "I think it's because of another reason."

Of course it was, but [Name] would never tell Nishinoya that she enjoyed the smell of his body wash the most. Ever since she had smelled it the first time the libero had used it after practice, she had been obsessively trying to track down that peculiar scent. Now her book had been imprinted with it and she could carry it wherever she went.

Looking around in haste, [Name] tried to change the subject. "Nishinoya-senpai, we're finally the same height!" [Name] exclaimed, saying the first thing that came to mind while pointing towards his hair.

"H-Hey! Shut up, damn it!"

â€|Bring this book in the shower with you.

Ennoshita, Narita, and Kinoshita watched with slight amusement as [Name] walked around the gym, her journal dragging behind her. It was attached to a long rope, one end firmly caught in the first year's grasp as she cooed slightly towards the journal's direction. To anyone outside the small group of friends, she would look crazy, but the trio knew that she was most likely entertaining some crazy prompt her book had given her.

"That's a good book! Sit! Stay!"

Then again, there were a few times the trio thought she was crazy as well.

Walking over to where the first year female had decided to crouch down, her hand outstretched to supposedly pat her book lovingly, the trio of second years let their curiosity take the better of them. They surrounded the girl, looking down at her with questioning eyes as they watched her treat the book as if it were alive.

"What are you doing today, [Name]-san?" Ennoshita asked, tapping the girl on the shoulder in order to gain her attention.

[Name] flinched a bit in surprise, having not noticed the three second years surrounding her so suddenly. Her eyes flickered between them and her book, the leash she had tied to it catching her eye briefly. It was started to unravel itself and, as she answered the question directed at her, she fumbled with the knot, tying it tighter.

"I'm taking my book for a walk," she mumbled out, her voice muffled due to the pout that she had decided to talk through. "But my book doesn't want to cooperateâ€¦"

The trio of boys gave each other concerned looks. This was it; this was the moment [Name] had finally snapped and succumbed to her insanity.

"Books don't typically go for walks," Kinoshita responded slowly, his eyes warily watching for any violent reactions.

"I know," [Name] sighed heavily, finally standing up from her crouching position as she dropped the leash in her hand. She kicked at it slightly, her foot nudging her book away by a few centimeters. "It'd be better if I had a puppyâ€¦"

A sudden look of knowing came onto all three male's faces and they looked at each other with small smiles, finally able to understand the reasoning behind [Name]'s odd behavior. She must've been lonely, having to entertain herself while all her friends were at volleyball practice or doing other things.

Placing a gentle hand on her shoulder, Narita brought [Name]'s attention towards him. "My neighbor's dog recently gave birth. If you want, I can take you over there after practice so you can go play with them."

Slowly, a grin started forming on [Name]'s face and her eyes seemed to sparkle at the idea of playing with newborn pups. She clasped her hands together, nodding profusely and thanking Narita a thousand times over. The boys' smiles only grew, knowing they had helped bring

happiness to [Name]'s dull day.

â€|Tie a string to the journal; go for a walk; drag it.

39. Chapter 39

Page 39â€|

Setting the ball into the air as best as she could, [Name] tried to send it in Hinata's direction. It had been a long while since she had actually helped her friend practice and her lack of experience definitely showed in the way she sent the ball over. It wobbled slightly, going off course as it barely made its way to Hinata. Had either Kageyama or Sugawara been around to see [Name] setting the ball to Karasuno's decoy, they would have shook their head in shame.

"Pwah!"

Nonetheless, Hinata was able to hit the volleyball sent in his direction, albeit a bit clumsily as well. It was sent back in [Name]'s direction and she had to scramble around a bit in order to avoid being hit by the fast moving projectile. As it bounced off the patch of grass that marked their practice spot, it kicked up a cloud of dirt, showing the first year duo just how dry the earth really was that day. [Name] coughed a bit, the wind blowing some of the dust in her direction and she felt the urge to rub at her eyes, squinting to avoid getting any foreign particles in them.

"[Name]-chan, you were supposed to receive the ball," Hinata whined, his arms thrusting in front of him as he showed her the proper position she needed. "That way you could get the ball and be all 'fuwah!' and then I could try setting it for you like 'whoop!' and you could try spiking it like 'bam!', you know?"

"Uhâ€|" [Name] tried to get a grasp as to what her best friend was saying, scratching at her cheek in confusion as she jogged after their lost sport equipment. When she had finally picked it up from its resting spot on the dirt, she turned on her heel back to Hinata. Throwing it in the air, she tried her best at performing an overhand serve, her hand sloppily slapping against the ball at the very last second as she let out a sudden 'gyah'. "Like that?"

"Closer!" Hinata cheered as he caught the ball in his hands. The serve was too soft for him to properly receive; it would have merely bounced off his arms and onto the floor in front of him. "Let's go again!"

"I want to take a break," [Name] whined as she walked over to the tree where the duo had left their belongings. She sat down under the shade of its foliage, poking at her journal which was lying open and face down on the dirt. "Let's rest for a bit."

Hinata proceeded to pout and whine, saying something along the lines of practicing on his own while [Name] rested. Watching him toss the ball to himself, [Name] absentmindedly started rubbing her book into the dirt, the raw pigment staining the pages. Her mind started to go blank and soon all she could see was Hinata as she admired her friend playing the sport he loved. She couldn't help but notice that he

seemed a tad more muscular now; still very skinny compared to the other volleyball players, but not as lanky as he had been in middle school.

"Oi, [Name]-chan, you're going to tear your book apart." Hinata's voice broke [Name] out of her cloud of thought and she instantly looked down to her journal, noticing that the earth had started to rip at the pages. Stopping her ministrations, she looked back up towards her best friend. He was grinning. "You're done resting now, right? Come on, let's practice more!"

[Name] could only groan as Hinata forcibly tugged her back into their two person game.

â€|Rub here with dirt.

40. Chapter 40

Page 40â€|

Groaning in annoyance, [Name] tried once more to reach for the right marker on the top shelf. Inwardly, she cursed the owners of the store for placing their products up so high. She was already on her tippy toes, her arm outstretched as high as it could go and her fingertips barely brushing up against the product she was desperately reaching for. She had started to wonder where all the employees were. Surely they should have come around by now to help the poor girl in her troubles.

"Agh, stupid high shelves!" [Name] proceeded to jump in place, her arm waving a bit as she tried to reach for the markers.

Just down the aisle, Aone happened to be walking through the store on an errand for his parents. His eyes had instantly locked onto the flailing girl, instantly recognizing her as one of the girls that had accompanied Karasuno during their matches. He had never caught her name, but the loud voice that emerged from her lips and her rambunctious aura were enough to tell him that he was thinking of the right person.

Hesitantly, Aone walked down the aisle towards the girl. His footsteps were silent, going unheard by [Name] as she continued to reach for the object catching her attention. Eyes flickering up towards the boxes of markers on the top shelf, Aone noticed how she seemed to be reaching for the sample box that everyone was able to use for their own enjoyment. It took him only a few seconds of watching her jumping before he realized that she simply was too short to reach the box.

"Hey, I was trying to get those!" [Name] turned on her heel to face the owner of the hand that had stolen the box of markers from her grasp, only to come face to chest with one of the few people on her list of really tall guys. "Oh! It's you!"

Looking at the rather tall, somewhat brooding male, [Name] recognized him as Date Tech's Aone Takanobu. He had seemed like a rather large, scary figure the first time she had laid eyes upon him and [Name] instantly felt nervous standing around him once again. She swallowed the thick lump that had started to form in her throat, readying her

apologies for yelling at the tall second year.

"Huh?" Confusion found its way to her voice and expression as the box of markers she had been reaching for was shoved into her hands gently. Looking up towards the tall male, she noticed how he seemed to give her a look that said he had gotten them for her. "O-Ohâ€¦ Thank you."

Momentarily distracted, [Name] opened the box of markers and took out a few. She swiped the color onto a page of her journal which she had left on one of the lower shelves. The colors she chose stained the previously white page and, deciding that she liked how the colors looked, [Name] quickly jotted down the names before replacing their caps and returning them to the box. This time, she set the box down on a lower shelf in hopes that someone would leave it there for more vertically challenged people.

Looking around the aisle she was in, [Name] noticed how Aone had started walking away. Cupping a hand around her mouth, she called out to him. "You're not as scary as I thought, Aone-senpai! Thanks again!"

Luckily for him, she didn't notice the slight pink tint that made its way to his cheeks.

â€¦Use this as a test page for pens, paints, markers, or art supplies.

41. Chapter 41

Page 41â€¦

When the onslaught of rain had started descending onto the grounds of Karasuno early in the morning, nobody had paid it no mind. The falling drops of water had been seen as a blessing at first after the long period of a dry spell had plagued the surrounding area. For those few students who happened to have outdoor classes scheduled for the day, the rain had come at the perfect time, causing them to have to save their unwanted outdoor activities for another day. All in all, the rain had come at an opportune moment.

Nobody had expected it to last all day, however.

"Dammit!"

Tanaka cursed as he, once again, slipped around the same puddle that had started accumulating on the gym floor. Turning on his heelâ€¦slowly, as to not repeat the slipping process once againâ€¦he fixed a glare onto the puddle of water. A slow, faint dripping noise could be heard as every seven secondsâ€¦yes, he had countedâ€¦a water droplet fell from above to make the puddle larger. Tanaka had already gone through several towels trying to keep the puddle from growing in size.

"Tanaka-senpai, are you okay?"

[Name] had approached the second year wing spiker from his left, her journal in her hands as usual. Her expression showed one of concern considering she had just witnessed her friend nearly fall to the

floor for the umpteenth time that day. Eyeing the puddle warily, she wondered to herself why the school hadn't bothered retiling the roof of the gym yet.

"Fine," Tanaka grumbled slightly, not wanting to reroute his anger at the puddle onto the girl. When she had come close enough to stand beside him, he placed a large hand on her head, ruffling her hair somewhat roughly. "I'll be right back. Make sure nobody else slips on this while I go get another towel. Daichi-san will get mad if I just leave it there again!"

Nodding enthusiastically, [Name] fixed her hair as she saluted the second year male. He grinned a bit at her actions before jogging off towards the bin of towels. It just so happened that Shimizu was also handing out the towels from said bin and, noticing the 'coincidence', Tanaka decided a change in plans was in order. Perhaps he could afford a little distraction.

When a few minutes had passed and Tanaka had not returned to the growing puddle, [Name] began to worry that it would start to flood the gym. Doing the only thing she thought logical, she opened her book and placed it underneath the drip. The droplets landed on her book with a splash, disappearing into the already waterlogged pages. She watched for a moment, noticing that after the first few initial minutes, the drops seemed to roll right off the pages of her book and back into the puddle beneath it.

"We're going to drown!" [Name] screeched in a panic, running around frantically in search for anything that could serve to soak up the ever increasing puddle. Taking a step forward, she failed to release she had stepped right into the puddle until it was too late. "Ow!"

A loud crash was heard through the gym as [Name] slipped a few feet before falling to the floor with a loud cry. Behind him, Tanaka could already feel the glare of Daichi burning holes in the back of his head.

Drip something here.

42. Chapter 42

Page 42

Wrapping the off-white bandages around her digits, [Name] hissed a bit when she had accidentally wrapped it too tight, causing an uncomfortable pressure to pulse in her fingertips. She unwound the bandage, only to try once more. The once white gauze that was on the inside of the bandage was already stained with a red polka dot and [Name] grimaced as she noticed the pearl of blood forming on her fingertip once more. She didn't think she had pricked herself that deeply, but the continuous stream of blood proved her wrong. Perhaps it wasn't the depth of her injury, but the quantity of injuries she had acquired in the same area.

Beside her, Yachi was in a slight panic at seeing her fellow first year in some pain. She had a first aid kit in her lap, the box opened so they could easily obtain the objects they needed inside. So far, in her attempt to soothe [Name]'s injury, Yachi had pulled out nearly every item in the box. Even the splints were set aside for just in

case purposes. The blonde female was fully prepared for whatever medical situation was thrown at her.

"Yachi-chan, I won't need those," [Name] commented dryly, noticing how her friend had now reached into the first aid kit to fumble around with some gauze and medical tape. "It's only a few pokes. Honestly, these bandages may be a bit too much too."

[Name] felt bad when Yachi flinched a bit in surprise, a string of embarrassed apologies leaving her lips as she repacked the first aid kit. When [Name] had approached Yachi asking for a few bandages, she hadn't imagined that the blonde manager would go this overboard in her attempt to aid the injured. It was actually kind of adorable watching her stutter over the sight of blood.

"Are you sure, [Name]-chan?" Yachi asked, waiting for a nod of confirmation before continuing her interrogation. "What were you doing that caused you to get that injury anyway?"

Scratching at the back of her head sheepishly, [Name]'s eyes darted to the book she had sitting beside her on the bench. She picked it up, the bandages on her fingers making her seem clumsier as she tried to flip through it to the right page. Finally finding what she was looking for, [Name] placed the open journal onto Yachi's lap.

"I was practicing my sewing," [Name] confessed, pointing at the contents of the page. It was covered in different colored fabrics, each one being intricately threaded to the paper. At some points Yachi could tell that [Name] had pulled too hard on the thread, ripping the page in random places here and there. "Hinata-kun has been coming to practice with holes in his shirt and I thought, being the good friend I am, I'd try fix them for him."

Yachi smiled at her friend's hasty explanation, the fuzzy feeling of happiness warming her. "Hinata-kun is super lucky to have you as a friend, [Name]-chan!"

Giving her blonde companion a smug grin, [Name] nodded.

"You must really like him!"

"W-What?! No!" [Name] spluttered. Mentally, she made a note to never explain her actions to Yachi again.

â€|Sew this page.

43. Chapter 43

Page 43â€|

The familiar ring of the front door's bell reaches Ukai's ears and his eyes flicker up toward it. He grunts out a welcome as he sets the magazine in his hands down on the counter before him, noticing the familiar young girl who happened to waltz into his family's store. Behind her, another familiar teenager walked in as well, his orange hair seeming even wilder than normal due to the wind blowing outside. Hinata and [Name] both chirped out their own hellos to the volleyball coach as they immediately walked over to their favorite items. Hinata's mouth instantly started to drool as he eyes out the meat

buns that were on display. He would probably end up buying threeâ€”maybe fourâ€”of them.

"You guys out practicing again?" Ukai asked as he idly went back to skimming his magazine, knowing full well what the answer to his question would be.

"Yeah!" Hinata excitedly cheered, "[Name]-chan is helping me with my receives! We're on break right now."

Ukai couldn't help but grin when he noticed the small trickle of disappointment in Hinata's voice at his last statement. Of course Hinata would be upset that he had to pause his training momentarily, but the promise of meat buns would certainly cheer him up once more.

"Oh!"

Out of the corner of his eye, Ukai noticed [Name] staring at the rack of magazines and newspapers that were near the register. Her mouth hung open in slight awe as she pointed animatedly at one of the newspapers. She was bouncing slightly on her heel, her eyes darting back and forth between the newspaper and her friend.

"Hinata-kun, it's you! Look, it's you!"

Quickly, [Name] snatched up the newspaper from its stand and brought it over to said male, her hands crinkling the paper as she clutched it with enthusiasm. She held it up at arm's length, facing the front page picture towards her best friend. Hinata had to physically stop her from bouncing so he could get a better look at the picture.

"Eh? I don't see meâ€”"

Huffing a bit, [Name] turned the picture back towards her and scanned the picture once more. It was a large picture of a crowd from the most recent volleyball game, the people in the picture hardly recognizable. She pointed at the very corner of the photograph, an orange and black blur which was facing away from the camera barely visible. Hinata stared at the blur for a moment, eyes scrunching up a bit as he scrutinized it closely.

"Ohâ€” Oh!" Suddenly the newspaper was in Hinata's grasp as he took it from [Name], holding it up with pride. "I'm in a newspaper! Uwah! This is so exciting!"

"It has to go in my journal!" [Name] suggested, grabbing Hinata's hand as they ran out of the store in search for the book.

"Oi!" Ukai yelled after them, shaking an angry fist. "Quit leaving without paying for things, damnit!"

â€”Glue a random page from a newspaper here.

44. Chapter 44

Page 44â€”

Placing a delicate finger on her chin, [Name] tapped against her

jawline for a moment as she stared back and forth between her calendar and the recipe she had found online. On her computer's screen, a luscious image of a vanilla cake with fruit slices and light icing was tempting her, causing the young first year's mouth to water uncontrollably. She had been craving the sweet treat for the longest time now, saving up her allowance so she would be able to purchase the ingredients for herself. Finally, the day where she had accumulated enough currency had arrived and she had excitedly found the recipe online, ready to jot down the ingredients. However there was one problem.

She couldn't necessarily bake and eat an entire cake all on her own.

"Whose birthday is coming up next?" She wondered to herself, flipping through the pages of her calendar.

A few of her classmates' names passed her by, the dates already crossed off. Mentally, she cursed her friends for being born so early in the year. Just as she was beginning to give up hope on having a friend whose birthday was soon, a familiar name caught her eye. Kageyama's name, written in her sloppy script, was on a day that had yet to be crossed off. Now to see what month it would be.

"What?! December?!" [Name] pouted, noticing how her friend's birthday was on the last month of the year. Scanning the page some more, she found three more birthdays that same month, but surely she couldn't wait that long for an excuse to make a cake.

Groaning a bit in exasperation, [Name] let the pages of her calendar fall back into place, the current date mocking her. She huffed a bit, wishing desperately for time to go by just a tad faster. As she glared at the offending date, her eyes would glance back to her computer screen every so often. The picture of the cake was still very much present on her dashboard. Sitting at her desk, she scrolled through the recipe's page.

"Might as well jot down what I need for future reference," she stated to herself, grabbing a pen and her open journal before copying the ingredients down, "Fresh strawberries, blueberries, kiwi, vanilla beans, heavy whipping cream" Oh my.

Maybe she didn't really need to wait for a birthday. After all, she could just share with Hinata.

Finishing off the list, [Name] snapped her book shut before quickly standing and leaving her room. She made her way to her house's front door, simultaneously pulling out her cell phone and calling her best friend.

"[Name]? Eh? What's going on?" Hinata answered in confusion upon answering the sudden call.

"Meet me at the grocery store in five minutes," [Name] said urgently.

[Name] promptly snapped her phone shut, leaving a rather confused Hinata hanging on the other line. Slamming her front door shut, [Name] mumbled to herself as she began her journey towards the grocery store.

"I don't need an excuse to make a cake, darn it!"

A place for your grocery list.

45. Chapter 45

Page 45

Carefully peeling off the stamp from a neatly folded envelope, [Name] quickly stuck it onto a page in her journal before the sticky backing could dry up. Beside it were a bunch of other stamps, each one with a different design and decoration depicted. Some were colorful and picturesque, showing off a miniature scenery. Others were simple, designed with a person's face or name scrawled elegantly. They were all unique in their own way, creating a collage of beautiful stamps that any collector would be proud of.

"That's a pretty interesting collection you have," Sugawara commented, watching with some curiosity as [Name] made sure the newest stamp would stay put. "Where did you get all those stamps?"

Waving the envelope in the air a bit, [Name] turned to face Sugawara in order to better answer his question. "I have a pen-pal that lives in America," she stated happily, grinning from ear to ear as she set to work on opening the envelope. "We send each other letters every week."

Interested, Sugawara sat next to the first year female and looked over her shoulder at the letter she had just pulled from the envelope. He recognized the first half of the letter to be neatly written English and, glancing over it briefly, he proudly found he could understand most of what was being said. The second half of the letter was written in Japanese, a mixture of sloppily written kanji, katakana, and hiragana mixed about each other. Clearly [Name]'s pen-pal was still very new to the language.

"That's very nice of you to have a pen-pal," Sugawara commented, smiling a bit when he noticed an error in the letter, "What is she like?"

"Oh, you know," [Name] said slowly, waving a hand dismissively through the air as her eyes shifted away from Sugawara, "Blonde hair, blue eyes, talks English."

Sugawara deadpanned, giving [Name] a look. "Okay, but what is her personality like? Is she in any clubs?"

Silence ensued for a bit, [Name]'s eyes averting from Sugawara's at all costs. She fidgeted slightly, the crinkling of her letter being the only sound to break through the silence. Every second that passed, Sugawara's suspicion grew more and more. Finally, when a full three minutes had passed, he opened his mouth to speak.

"You can't read English, can you?"

"Not a lick."

Sighing heavily, Sugawara pointed to [Name]'s school bag, which was laying a few feet away. "Go get your textbook."

"But Sugaâ€" "

"Go. "

Sugawara watched as [Name] pouted before trudging slowly over to her bag. This would only be one more lesson added on to the many he had to tutor her in. Pinching the bridge of his nose, Sugawara watched as a single stamp fell off its page and fluttered to the floor.

â€|Collect the stamps off of all your mail.

46. Chapter 46

Page 46â€|

"Yamaguchi-kun, do you have anything in your pockets?"

The sudden question from the first year female caught Yamaguchi off guard for a second. Reaching a hand into the pockets of his uniform pants, he searched through them for a bit. His fingers wiggled a bit, grasping at whatever they could. When he finally pulled his hand back out of his pockets, all that were in his hands were a single coin, a paper clip, and a few pieces of lint.

"Uh, is this what you're looking for [Name]-chan?"

"That's good enough," she chirped, taking the paper clip from his open palm before flipping her book open to a certain page. "Can you trace it here?"

Confusion settled onto Yamaguchi's features for a moment as he hesitated. Glancing down at the page, he noticed that there seemed to be other items that had been traced onto the page, different colored ink pens overlapping with their lines. He couldn't tell what the other items were just by looking at the outlines, but he could see the names of his teammates scrawled next to each outline. [Name] must've asked everyone on the team to do the same thing prior to her finding Yamaguchi.

"Ah, o-okay," the freckled boy muttered as he took the offered pen and traced his paper clip, signing his name next to the outline as well.

"Thanks!" [Name] exclaimed once he was finished, handing the small office supply back to him before scanning the room. "Now I just need to findâ€| Aha! Speak of the devil!"

Just as Tsukishima walked through the door to his classroom, he instantly regretted his decision. Upon entering the classroom he was ambushed by the short female student, her book nearly shoved in his face as she held it open to one of the pages. He could already feel his eye twitch in annoyance as she hopped up and down in front of him, rambling on about one thing or another.

"â€"and that's why I need your help on this,

Tsukishima!"

"Huh?"

Receiving a deadpan look from the tall blonde male, [Name] found herself pouting. Did he even listen to a word she said? Huffing a bit, she set her book to the side and crossed her arms with some attitude.

"I need to borrow something from your pants."

For a brief second Tsukishima was confused, but then his thoughts took a wrong turn. A slight tint of pink tainted his cheeks as he glared at [Name].

"What?! No!"

"Come on, Tsukishima," [Name] yelled, deciding it would be easier if she retrieved an item from his pocket herself. She reached for him swiftly, but got stopped when he roughly held her back. "Yamaguchi didn't say no!"

"Then it's definitely a no from me!"

â€|Trace the things in your bag (or pockets); let the lines overlap.

47. Chapter 47

Page 47â€|

Carefully taping a delicate white down feather to a page in her journal, [Name] hummed to herself as she thought about other things that could fit with the prompt. So far she had amassed quite a selection of items ranging from paperclips she found on the floor, feathers that had fallen off of birds flying by, dandelions, and some small pieces of plastic. However, the young first year couldn't help but feel as if there was something missing from her bookâ€"something that would complete the entire look of the page.

Glancing up at her friends as they continued their small three-on-three practice match with each other, her eyes landed on a certain setter. An idea popped into her mind, festering there for a while until she found the courage to turn towards her friend for a bit of advice.

"Hey, Hinata-kun, what color would you say Sugawara-senpai's hair is?" She asked, her gaze never leaving that of the third year's form.

Confused by the question for only a moment, Hinata turned his attention towards his senior, squinting a bit as he scrutinized the color of his hair. A thoughtful looking finger was placed on his chin and the small corner of a pink tongue poked out from between his lips as he gave his answer some thought. It was a few moments before he opened his mouth, [Name] waiting with baited breath for his answer.

"I'd say it seems kind of gray," Hinata answered, tugging at his own

brightly colored locks. "Like an old man's."

"Aw man, I need white," [Name] sighed, pouting a bit as she finally tore her gaze away from the setter's figure. "Where am I going to find someone with white hair?"

"Isn't that the color your hair turns when you get really stressed?" Hinata asked, thinking back to the few times he had actually paid attention when his mom was watching something beauty related on the television.

A sudden snap of her fingers and a cheerful 'aha!' escaped [Name]'s lips as she smiled brightly at Hinata. She patted her best friend on his shoulder, thanking him for the wondrous idea.

"All we need to do is find somebody who's really stressed!" She exclaimed, her hand moving in a motion that looked as if she were meticulously plucking strands of hair from her head. "Then we can just pull them out, right? That's perfect! Now, who would be stressed enough to have white hairs?"

"â€| "

"â€| "

Glancing over towards the taller male, [Name] felt a wicked grin settle itself onto her features. Surely if he wasn't stressed enough already, she would find a way to increase his stress levels.

"Oi, Asahi-senpai," [Name] called, waving Karasuno's ace over with a bright smile. "Your hair tie is falling out again! Let me fix it for you!"

Seeing her grin, Hinata instantly felt bad for his Asahi. He shouldn't have given [Name] the idea after all.

â€|Cover this page with white things.

48. Chapter 48

Page 48â€|

Oikawa stared at the much shorter girl in confusion, his eyes looking her up and down and taking in all her features. She was standing in front of him, arms held up before her in a way that protected herâ€"rather smallâ€"chest. Her hands held onto an object, a book perhaps, as one of her fingers was wedged inside of it, holding the place she was just looking at. Wide eyes were staring up at him, her neck craned at an awkward angle since he was much more taller than her. That wasn't the most striking feature she had however. No, the most interesting thing about her was the black jacket she wore, her school name delicately embroidered into the fabric: Karasuno.

"I'm sorry," Oikawa started, momentarily stunned as he tried to think back as to whether he'd ever seen this girl before. "What was it you needed?"

[Name] snorted a bit, annoyed that the tall brunette hadn't bothered listening to her words the first time around. Shuffling in her place

a bit, she gave him a bored look as she repeated her question once more.

"I was asking whether you had a pen or not," she stated dully, already wanting to walk away from the third year standing before her.

Oikawa's eyes widened a bit as he continued to stare down at the first year female before him. Could it be that this young Karasuno student was actually a fan of his? Feeling a cocky smirk settle itself onto his features, Oikawa fished around in his pockets for a writing utensil. When he finally found one a few seconds later, he held it up, his cocky smirk still plastered on his face.

"Here it is," he sang, delighted that he would be stealing away a fan from his opponents. "Now what is it that you want signed?"

Smiling in gratitude, [Name] surprised Oikawa when, instead of handing him something to sign, she took the pen for herself. His smirk faded to yet another frown as he watched her thumb through the pages of her book, finally landing on a page where a bunch of scribbles were messily drawn in different colored inks. [Name] proceeded to use Oikawa's pen in the same manner, drawing circle after messy circle on the page before she slowed it down once more.

"I'm sorry, what was your name?" She asked, glancing up at Oikawa as she slowed her scribbling pace.

"Oikawa Tooru," he answered, half expecting her to suddenly recognize him as the small time famous athlete he was. He felt his eye twitch in annoyance as she looked back down towards her book, quickly scrawling down his name.

"Thank you, Oikawa-san," she said politely, handing him back the borrowed pen before snapping her book shut. "I've never heard of you before, but I hope you do well in the tournament. My best friend has been going on about some sort of 'Grand King' being here, so be careful today!" As she turned on her heel to skip away, [Name] turned her head to say one last thing. "That is, if you even make it that far."

Forcing out a grin, Oikawa could feel himself gritting his teeth as he watched the first year female skip away happily. Oh, if only she knew who it was she had just ticked off.

â€|Scribble wildly using only borrowed pens.

49. Chapter 49

Page 49â€|

"What if we set it on fire?"

Looking at her best friend, [Name] shook her head in the negative at the suggestion. Poking at the journal page, she read the prompt over and over again as she mulled over what she should do with it.

"That's probably what somebody would expect us to do with it," she answered, pouting when no ideas came to her mind. "Plus it's not very unpredictable. We would have to plan how and where to burn it."

Hinata frowned, nodding as he comprehended [Name]'s point. They would need to do something nobody would expect them to do—not even themselves. The more they thought about it however, the more they found themselves at dead end ideas. Everything they could possibly do wouldn't be unpredictable because they were the ones to think of it.

"Ugh, this prompt is impossible," [Name] groaned, setting her book on the side while she lay back in the grass of the large park. "I need to think about this one for a while."

"But it still wouldn't be unpredictable," Hinata commented, tossing his volleyball up in the air a few times before he shuffled off the ground. "Come on, you can help me practice while we don't think about it."

Glancing in Hinata's direction, she found he had a pleading smile settled onto his face. With a groan, [Name] rolled back up into a sitting position before standing from her lounging spot on the ground, dusting the trace amounts of dirt and dust off of her person. She mumbled out a 'fine' as she made a motion for Hinata to toss her the volleyball, to which Hinata happily complied.

The two of them stayed like that for quite a while, [Name] trying her best to toss Hinata the volleyball while he tried his best to spike the ball into the nearby chain linked fence. More often than not, he would miss completely, blaming it on [Name]'s poor tossing skills rather than his own mistakes.

"Well, we can't all be geniuses like Kageyama-kun," [Name] would bite back, huffing a bit as she went for a harsher toss.

The small practice session between the two lasted well into the evening, that pattern of interaction repeating itself on more than one occasion as the sun slowly slipped behind the horizon. It wasn't until the first few drops of rainwater had started falling from the sky that the two noticed just how late it was. Rushing to grab their things, the first year duo quickly ran for cover, their bags held above their heads in a vain attempt to stay a little dry.

"Did you want to come over for dinner?" Hinata asked, having to yell slightly over the sound of rain.

"Sure, why not?" [Name] answered, happy to be spending more time with her best friend.

As the two ran for Hinata's home, they failed to realize that they had indeed been able to accomplish that day's prompt. Leaving the park all together, it wasn't until the next day when [Name] was rummaging through her school bag that she noticed her book was missing.

They had left it at the park.

**â€|Make a sudden, destructive, unpredictable movement with the

journal.**

50. Chapter 50

Page 50

Flipping through the journal that he had found at the park, Kindaichi read through every page that had been completed. He even bothered to read some of the pages that hadn't been completed, thinking back to the instructions at the very beginning of the book. He flipped back to that page as he walked, reading the instructions out loud to himself.

"If found, flip to a page randomly, follow the instructions, then return."

The thought of messing around with someone else's property didn't leave a good impression in Kindaichi's mind, but seeing as how the instructions in the book told him to do so, he imagined it wouldn't be too much trouble. Thumbing through the pages, he stopped on a page near the middle of the book, reading the prompt printed there. He read through about three pages, each one seeming a tad boring. Maybe something near the back of the book would be more fun.

The sudden sound of his stomach growling reached his ears and Kindaichi placed a single hand on the groaning body part. Closing the journal, he decided that returning the book could wait. Right now, he needed to find something to eat.

It was only a few minutes later Kindaichi found himself at a small convenience store. Hands fumbling through his pockets, he reached for the money he knew he had in there, mentally counting it. He had just enough to buy himself a meat bun. After purchasing said food, Kindaichi walked out of the store, sitting himself on the curb nearby as he nibbled on the protein filled bread. As he sat and ate, he flipped through more pages of the book, reading all the prompts. They were pretty interesting and he started to think that maybe he didn't want to return the book.

"Ah, oops," he mumbled, frowning as a piece of meat fell onto the journal. It stained the page with oil, leaving a greasy spot in its wake. Kindaichi used the back of his hand to sweep the tainted food off the book, only to cause the mark to streak across the page he was on. "Ah, damn. Oh well, I guess it fits."

Being so absorbed into the book, Kindaichi barely noticed a couple of first years approaching until he could clearly hear their voices.

"Don't worry, [Name]-chan, I'm sure we'll find your book somewhere."

"I hope so. I wasn't even half way through it yet."

Looking up from his seat on the curb, Kindaichi watched a familiar first year duo from Karasuno walk closer. He noticed how the redhead seemed to be attempting to cheer up his female companion who seemed to be upset about one thing or another. Closing the journal, he stood from his spot. That simple motion caused [Name]'s eyes to glance up

as it caught her attention and she looked towards Kindaichi, not quite registering who he was at first. No, instead her eyes immediately fell to the object in his hands.

"Ah, that's my journal!" She exclaimed excitedly, running over to the much taller male. "You found it for me! Thank you so much!"

"U-Uh, no problem," Kindaichi answered slowly. He handed over the book, albeit almost reluctantly, watching as she bowed in thanks. Now he really did need to get one of his own.

â€|Make a mess; clean it up.

51. Chapter 51

Page 51â€|

"[Name]-chan, can you help me memorize these hand signals?"

[Name] looked up as she heard the familiar voice of her best friend, his footsteps quickly approaching. He was waving around a sheet of paper, the fluttering noise coming from it intensifying with his movements. She could already tell that it was crinkled well beyond repair from his constant waving and she wondered if he had left it in his bag for a week like he did with many of his class notes.

"Sure, Hinata-kun," she chirped happily, reaching out for the paper when he finally made it to her side.

As Hinata settled himself into the seat next to her, [Name] looked over the different hand signals and their meanings that were depicted on the paper. It was obviously written in Sugawara's hand writing, she noted, and briefly she wondered if the kindhearted third year had given a sheet like this to every one of his teammates at one point. The pictures of hands were expertly drawn in her opinion, getting their point across clearly, and the meanings for each gesture were neatly scrawled underneath each hand. It was a fairly simple sheet to read.

"How should I help you memorize this, Hinata-kun?" [Name] asked, not quite sure how to proceed with the hand gesture quizzing. She wiggled her fingers a bit, wondering if she should try making the gestures herself.

"Just try drawing them on something else," Hinata suggested.

Nodding briefly at the solution, [Name] fished through her school bag for a pen and her journal. She flipped to the very first pageâ€|the title pageâ€|and started doodling a gesture in the margin of the page. Doing her best to copy Sugawara's picture, she was eventually able to draw what she thought looked like a hand with its pointer and middle fingers extended into an upside-down v.

Hinata took one glance at it before his face contorted into confusion. "You're really bad at drawing, [Name]-chanâ€|"

Huffing angrily in response, [Name] shoved the journal and pen in his direction. She no longer felt the need to help him as her generous mood was suddenly carried away by his insult.

"If you want to critique my drawings skills, then go ahead and draw it yourself," she harrumphed.

Pouting a bit at his friend's sudden behavior, Hinata grabbed the pen and flipped to the next page—the one with all the instructions. There wasn't much room there, but he tried his best to draw the hand signals he could remember in the spaces provided. As he drew, he would mumble to himself what he thought each symbol meant. Upon completion, Hinata placed the pen down and looked at his work.

"They look like badly drawn squids," [Name] commented teasingly.

Groaning at his own lack of artistry, Hinata scribbled through the drawings of hands and tried again on a different page; however, each attempt only resulted in failure.

"Never mind," he grumbled, "Just make the stupid hand gestures. That's faster anyway."

â€|Doodle over the top of 1) the cover; 2) the title page; 3) the instructions; 4) the copyright page.

52. Chapter 52

Page 52â€|

Staring at the blank page before her, [Name] tapped her pen idly against the paper. She had been thinking about what to write for nearly an hour, yet no ideas came to mind. She wondered silently to herself if Hinata was having just as much trouble with their essay assignment as she was. Placing the pen on the bridge of her nose, she leaned back in her desk chair and lazily glanced around her room for inspiration for the umpteenth time that day. Her eyes landed on her journal which was haphazardly thrown onto her bed the moment she got home.

Perhaps a little distraction couldn't hurt.

Standing from the chair, [Name] waltzed over to her journal and picked it up, flipping through the many pages she had already completed. When she finally landed on the page that she had left off of last, a pout formed onto her lips. It was another writing assignment to be done.

Flopping back down onto her chair, [Name] set the journal down on her desk with a resounding thump. Reading the prompt on the page once more, she decided it wouldn't be too difficult to accomplish. It was at the very least much more simpler than her writing assignment for class.

"Okay, now what should I write?" [Name] questioned herself, tapping the butt of her pen against her chin. "Oh man, if only Suga-senpai was here. He could probably help me; he's always really helpful."

Suddenly, realizing her words, [Name] snapped her fingers together as the formation of an idea appeared in her mind. Scribbling down her

thoughts on the page, [Name] smiled as she completed the compliment towards Sugawara in her messy script. Thinking about the kind vice-captain led her to think about the captain of the volleyball team, Daichi, and how he was always so reliable in tough situations. [Name]'s hand moved rhythmically as she wrote down a compliment for Daichi as well. Soon enough, she was writing out compliments for each member of the Karasuno volleyball club, including the managers and supervisorsâ€”though secretly she had to think for quite a while when writing one for Tsukishima.

Upon completion, [Name] glanced down at the nearly full page she had been writing on. She had written at least one compliment for each member, praising them for the good deeds they had done for her or the moments where she had appreciated them the most. It made her heart warm to remember all the good times she had experienced with the people she was proud to call her friends.

"Hmm," she hummed, eyeing out the space at the very end of the page. "I could probably squeeze in one more thing right there."

Thinking for quite a while, [Name] tried to come up with the perfect last compliment or phrase that would sum up the entire page of thoughts. Biting the edge of her lip, she fiddled with her pen, tapping the ball point along the paper where she wanted to start writing her final sentence. After a while of thought, she started scribbling, nearly scratching out the sentence a couple times due to constant rewording. When she had finished, she glanced upon the page once more, satisfied with the outcome. Voicing her last thought out loud, she set the journal aside and started on her essay.

"I'm glad to have met everyone from the Karasuno volleyball club."

â€|Page of good thoughts.

53. Chapter 53

Page 53â€|

"Thank you again for inviting me over for dinner, Hinata-san," [Name] smiled happily as she spoke to her best friend's mom.

The kind older woman gave a smile of her own, ruffling [Name]'s hair as she would often do to her eldest child. "It's no problem at all, [Name]-chan." Turning her attention back towards the boiling pot of water on the stove, the kind woman gestured towards the opposing countertop on the other side of the kitchen where her son was busy chopping vegetables. "If you wouldn't mind, could you please help Shouyou?"

"No problem," [Name] chirped, happily skipping over to her best friend.

Hinata let out a short grunt as the sharp end of his kitchen knife sliced through the thicker end of a carrot. He grimaced at the fresh scent of the vegetable wafting through the air, not particularly liking the thought of having to consume it later that night. Upon realizing that his friend was standing next to him, Hinata nodded his head in the direction of the second cutting board on the counter,

silently asking [Name] if she could chop the onions. He'd rather spare his eyes the tears when the fumes from said vegetable filled the air.

"Where are the kitchen knives?" [Name] asked.

"In the second drawer to your left," Hinata answered, not taking his eyes off his own work in fear of cutting a finger.

Opening the drawer she was directed to, [Name] was just about to chastise Hinata for telling her about the wrong drawer, but a certain object caught her attention. The drawer she had opened, instead of holding kitchen knives and other cutlery, held random objects that had no other place such as batteries and thumbtacks, but the object that had caught [Name]'s attention was far more interesting. Picking it out of the drawer, [Name] silently made her way back to Hinata.

"What are you doing?" Hinata asked, noticing that [Name] had picked up one of the oddly shaped carrot stubs he had failed to cut. It was chopped at an awkward angle, severing the stub into a cracked and uneven mess.

Taking the oddly shaped carrot stub, [Name] opened the object she had found in the drawer and pressed the flattest end of the stub into it, letting the ink on the spongy surface stain the vegetable. When she pulled it away from the ink pad, the bright orange vegetable had been stained a dark blue. Promptly, [Name] used the soiled end of the carrot to stamp onto a nearby paper towel. It left behind a lumpy stain, resembling nothing but a blob. [Name] did this a few more times, leaving less and less ink on the paper towel with each press. Finally, when she was satisfied, she pressed the vegetable to a page of her journal before throwing the carrot stump away and showing Hinata her masterpiece.

"Look, it kind of looks like a smiley face!" [Name] held up her book, showing the blue blob with a slight orange stain. "Maybe I can make another face with the onions!"

"Eh, but [Name]-chan, we need to eat those! Don't dip them all in ink!"

****â€|Make prints using an ink pad and cut vegetables.****

54. Chapter 54

****Page 54â€|****

Hinata looked at the journal he held in his hands, face twisted in confusion as he wondered what he should do with it. Earlier that day when [Name] had handed him the book, telling him to do something destructive, she had seemed so excited and her infectious attitude caused him to feel excited as well. However, now that he was alone and had the book to himself, he had no idea what to do.

[Name] had told him he could do whatever he wanted as long as it was destructive, leaving the choice up to him. Hinata found an endless amount of ideas filling his head, but none of them seemed to be fitting of what he felt he should do. Maybe he could set a page on

fire? But what if that accidentally caught the entire book on fire? Then neither he nor [Name] would be able to finish the book. Maybe he could drown the book in water? But that had already been done a few other times with other prompts.

Sighing a bit as he wondered what he should do, Hinata walked over to the supply closet in the gym. Maybe he would be able to find inspiration in there. Looking around the small room, Hinata saw exactly the same things he saw every time he opened that door. The brooms were propped up in the corner, still dusty from the last time they had been used. A few extra nets were on the floor next to them, some of them with gaping holes in the netting. There was a small desk in the room, a roll of duct tape innocently sitting there along with a few extra volleyballs that were in need of some extra inflation.

"Oh!" Hinata let out a sudden noise as a new, better idea came to mind.

Hopping over to the desk, Hinata quickly snatched up the duct tape and one of the extra volleyballs. He bounced the ball on the floor a couple times, testing the bounce before he was satisfied with one. When he finally chose the perfect one, he opened up the book halfway before placing it on the top of the volleyball. Rolling out a long strip of duct tape, he ripped it off the roll with his teeth before securing the book to the volleyball.

Proud with his ingenious idea, Hinata bounced the book-volleyball combination in his hands a few times, noticing how the ball would now wobble slightly in the air as it fell book-side down. It was definitely a more difficult target to catch now that the journal was added to the volleyball's weight.

The sudden sound of the gym doors opening alerted Hinata to new arrivals. Peeking out the door to the storage room, the redhead noticed Tanaka and Nishinoya walking in. A grin instantly formed on his face as he ran towards them, waving the book-volleyball combo around in the air as he did so.

"Oi, Hinata, what's that thing?" Tanaka asked, eyeing the volleyball in Hinata's hands with skepticism. Nishinoya did the same, though his gaze was more curious than it was skeptical.

"[Name] asked me to do something destructive to the book," Hinata explained, holding the object in his hand. "Though now that I look at it, taping it to a volleyball isn't very destructiveâ€|"

Giving each other a look, Nishinoya and Tanaka grinned as the former quickly snatched the object out of Hinata's hands. The first year gaped a bit as the duo started tossing the volleyball and book around as if it were a normal volleyball. His jaw nearly hit the floor when Tanaka attempted to spike the ball, cracking the book's spine.

His senpai were geniuses.

â€|Ask a friend to do something destructive to this page; don't look.

"Takeda-sensei?"

Upon hearing the familiar voice of a young, female first year, Takeda turned his attention away from the volleyball team for a brief moment to catch [Name]'s gaze. She was looking up at him expectantly and, once he voiced a question as to her sudden arrival, she responded cheerfully.

"Do you happen to have an extra pen? Mine has run out of ink."

"Ah, okay." Fishing through the pockets of his sweat pants, Takeda fiddled with the objects inside for a moment before producing a new pen from them. He held it out to [Name], nodding with a smile when she thanked him before skipping away.

Curiosity got the best of him and Takeda watched where [Name] skipped off to with his pen. It was more often than not that she would get into some sort of trouble, whether it be by herself or with Hinata, and it was a well-known fact that she would often ask for things only to use them in the oddest of ways. Perhaps it wasn't such a good idea handing her one of his favorite pens.

A mental sigh of relief escaped his mind however, upon realizing that [Name] was merely walking over to sit next to Yachi and Shimizu. Nestling herself next to them on the bench, the hyperactive first year opened up her book and began scribbling away in sync with the two other females beside her. Every so often she would glance up towards the boys, a look of pondering crossing her face before she set back to work. Her hand moved rather quickly, writing out things Takeda wished he could see.

A small burst of pride started to well up in Takeda's chest as he continued watching [Name] scribble away in her notebook. A few happy tears pricked at the corners of his eyes and he could already feel the warmth on his cheeks spreading across his face as a thankful feeling overcame him. Could it be that [Name] was learning how to become a manager for the volleyball team as well? If so, then there would be two for Karasuno after Shimizu graduated with the other third years, already putting them at better odds. It made Takeda feel rather emotional thinking about how the two first year females would work together, each of them with their own strengths and weaknesses as managers.

Taking an initiative, Takeda walked over to where all three girls were standing. He wanted to congratulate Shimizu on finding not one, but two competent new managers and he wanted to welcome the two first years to the team officially himself. Creeping closer to them, however, and Takeda noticed how [Name] seemed to be writing rather quickly and messily. Surely she wouldn't be able to read all those notes later if she continued like that.

Standing just behind them, Takeda peeked over to see what each girl had been working on. Shimizu was busy taking notes on the boys' improvements, Yachi was going over different exercises she thought would help improve the boys' abilities, and [Name]

"[Name]-chan, what are you writing?"

Looking up at her teacher, [Name] merely shrugged before continuing to scribble random nonsense.

Takeda could only deadpan. He could live with just Yachi as a manager.

â€|Write carelessly now.

56. Chapter 56

Page 56â€|

"Nishinoya-senpai, give that back!"

"No way, you're just going to cause trouble again!"

Growling in frustration, [Name] pounced towards Nishinoya, arms outstretched above her head as she tried desperately to reach for the bottle of glue he was holding above her reach. She jumped a few times, nearly knocking the libero off his balance as he tried in vain to keep the sticky substance away from her. She had accidentally glued items to the floor and walls one too many times and he'd be damned if he let it happen again.

"I'm just going to glue this candy wrapper to my book, come on Nishinoya-senpai!" [Name] waved her arm as she jumped for the glue, fingers barely brushing against the smooth plastic surface of its container.

"Not in this life time," Nishinoya responded, sticking his tongue out at the girl as he took a step back from her. Keeping the bottle of glue away from her proved to be difficult due to their similar heights. He was lucky she wasn't the least bit taller.

Switching tactics, [Name] backed off for a moment to latch her hands together. "Please, Nishinoya-senpai," she pleaded, giving him her best kicked puppy look, "I promise to be extra careful this time."

For a moment, Nishinoya felt a heated blush make its way to his cheeks. Right in front of him, [Name] was begging for the bottle of glue he had and she was making a rather cute face while doing it. He hesitated a bit, the hand that was holding the glue bottle lowering as he wondered if he should trust her with it this time around.

Noticing his hesitation, [Name] showed him the journal page she was working on. "See? I didn't mess up with these ones," she explained, flipping open the page with minor difficulty. Some of the things she had glued were sticking together, but for the most part the page was neatly decorated with different wrappers glued onto it. "You can trust me with that!"

"Ahâ€|" Looking at the page and then back to [Name]'s pleading eyes, Nishinoya could feel his resolve cracking. With a heavy sigh, he completely lowered his hand with the glue and held it out to her. "Fine, but don't tell Daichi-san I let you have this."

"I promise," [Name] chirped.

Reaching for the glue, [Name] noticed how sticky the bottle was. Nishinoya must've been accidentally squeezing some glue out as he tried to get away from the first year, causing it to smear all over the plastic. When she tried to pull the bottle back with her however, she found that it was heavier than expected. Looking down, she noticed Nishinoya's hand still on the bottle.

"You can let go now, Nishinoya-senpai," [Name] deadpanned, trying to pry the bottle from his grasp.

"About thatâ€¦" [Name] watched as Nishinoya tried to remove the bottle, but to no avail. "I think I glued myself to the bottle..."

â€¦Glue random items here.

57. Chapter 57

Page 57â€¦

Sitting in the chair that was previously placed before her, [Name] fidgeted slightly with her fingers, avoiding the gaze of the tall male before her. She could hear the tapping sound of an impatient foot and she swore she could also hear the grinding of teeth. Taking a peek up at the person standing in front of her, she yelped a bit when she noticed the angry glare fixated on her form.

"What do you have to say for yourself?"

To say Daichi was angry would be an understatement. He had his hands on his hips, making his broad shoulders seem even more broad and intimidating. Looking closely, [Name] could notice how his chest heaved with each controlled breath, almost as if he were trying to dissipate his anger through the air. His jaw was tight, making it seem like he was trying his best to clench his teeth lest he lash out the poor first year. Yes, Daichi was well above being angry.

And with good reason too. [Name] glanced at the uniform on his body, noticing the small specks of white that littered the black and orange fabric. Small pieces of paper, big enough to see yet small enough to be a nuisance when it came to removal, were scattered across the uniform. It looked as if the shirt and shorts were meant to be polka-dotted, but [Name] knew better.

"W-What makes you think it was me?" She stuttered out, removing her gaze from Daichi's glare.

"You were the last one to do the laundry for the team," Daichi answered. "And I found this."

Looking up after his last statement, [Name] found Daichi holding out what appeared to be a damp piece of paper barely holding itself together. There were small pieces of it missing everywhere and it looked as if it had been ripped apart and mushed back together. [Name] could still read the familiar prompt on it that had spurred her to make such a rash decision. Quickly snatching the paper out of Daichi's hand, she opened up her journal and stuck the offending page

back in its rightful place.

"I didn't think it would cause that much of a problem," she confessed, hanging her head in defeat.

She could hear Daichi sighing before her and the heavy tapping sound of his foot ceased. Glancing around at the rest of the team, she noticed how their uniforms seemed to be in the same state as Daichi's, all covered in small scraps of paper. They didn't seem to mind however, as they all continued practicing as if the scraps weren't even there.

"I guess I'll let you off the hook this time."

[Name] nearly shrieked as Daichi's heavy hand landed atop her head, ruffling the hair that was there for a moment. Looking up at the captain, she noticed how he seemed to have calmed down quite a bit since the last time she looked at him. Relieved, she let out a heavy sigh.

"But that doesn't mean you'll get off lightly next time," he added, causing [Name] to gasp back in her sigh. "You're on laundry duty for the next week."

"Aw, that's not fair!"

A single glare was all it took to shut [Name] up and for her to agree.

â€|Tear this page out; put it in your pocket; put it through the wash; stick it back in.

58. Chapter 58

Page 58â€|

Humming quietly to herself as to not disrupt the miniature tutoring session that was taking place, [Name] concentrated on the task she was currently trying to complete. A pair of scissors were held in her hand and she was trying her best to follow the outline on the page she had drawn. The outline resembled that of a bird and, on any other occasion, it would have been easy to trace with the scissors. However, [Name] wasn't cutting through just a single piece of paper. No, she was cutting through multiple pages of her book, causing the pages to skew slightly as they struggled to be cut by the scissors. More often than not, [Name] found herself having to apply more pressure than what should be necessary in order to get a good cut through the pages.

"Almost done," she muttered to herself, forcing the scissors closed on the very last bit of her design. "Ouch!"

Her fingers had slipped however, causing the scissors to cut askew to their original path. Pulling her hand away from her journal, [Name] felt the familiar sting of a cut on her finger and saw the familiar droplets of blood that threatened to stain the page. Biting her tongue a bit, she whimpered as a red trail slid down her finger. She had cut herself pretty deeply.

Hearing the sound of the female in distress, Sugawara glanced up from tutoring Hinata to see [Name] cradling her hand, the scissors now long forgotten on the floor. Excusing himself for a moment, he walked over to the first year female, eyes glancing between the moisture escaping her own eyes and the hand she was cradling. When he noticed the trickle of blood escaping the tip of her finger, he frowned, gently placing an arm around her shoulder as he coaxed her out of the room.

"Come on, [Name]," he cooed soothingly, "Let's go get that cleaned up."

Nodding in agreement with a few sniffles, [Name] tried her best not to let the tears fall from her eyes. She followed Sugawara the best she could with her already blurred vision, sitting on the bench outside the building patiently as the third year male went to search for the first aid kit. When he came back, white box with red stripes in hand, he kneeled before her. Opening the box, he pulled out a couple cotton swabs, a bottle of peroxide, and a bandage.

"This is going to sting," Sugawara warned as he drenched one of the cotton swabs with peroxide.

Looking away from Sugawara, [Name] had to bite her tongue in order to not yelp out at the sudden burn in her hand. She could feel the peroxide bubbling and it caused her fingers to twitch slightly, wanting nothing more than to run her hand under cool water.

The next cotton swab was dry, Sugawara wiping away the extra peroxide of [Name]'s skin before he gently placed a bandage over the cut on her finger. Wiggling the digit slightly, [Name] felt that Sugawara had placed the bandage on just a tad too tightly; she could barely move her finger.

"There you go," Sugawara chimed with a smile. Leaning forward ever so slightly, he caught her damaged finger and placed a chaste peck on the bandage. "Now everything is all better."

Smiling at the third year, [Name] wiped away her tears. "Thank you, Suga-senpai."

â€|Cut through several layers.

59. Chapter 59

Page 59â€|

Giggling to herself as she pulled on a pair of latex gloves, [Name] held her breath as she picked up a single bug out of the many that were crawling around the school yard. The bug in her grasp wriggled as it tried to escape her hold, but to no avail; she had an iron grip on the poor creature. Thinking of its last resort, the bug opened up a special spot on its thorax, secreting a foul smelling liquid. Luckily for her, the latex gloves that covered [Name]'s fingers protected her from catching the liquid on her skin. Instead, she held the bug slightly above her journal, allowing for the drops to fall onto the pages below.

"Thank you, little stink bug," [Name] said as she let the creature

go, her voice sounding nasally due to holding her breath.

Using her gloved hand, [Name] smeared the drops into the page. The barely colored liquid soaked up into most of the paper, leaving nothing but a faint streak of color in its wake. Feeling brave, [Name] leaned towards it and took a whiff.

"Blegh," she retched, turning away from the book and gagging a bit as she tried to regain a normal sense of smell. "That stuff is foul!"

Suddenly, a sinister smirk made its way onto her features. Looking over towards the school gym, she could hear the familiar sound of volleyballs hitting hands and occasionally the floor. The squeak of multiple sneakers bounced through the air, alerting her to the many people in the room. Now she just had to pick one target.

Removing her gloves, [Name] got rid of any evidence of her previous actions as she skipped over to the gym. She was greeted by some smiles and simple hellos as she opened the doors just enough for her to fit through. Slinking her way into the gym, she scanned the area for any vulnerable people. Most of the boys were busy practicingâ€"it looked like they were drilling on their receives againâ€"though there were still a few simply lingering around. [Name]'s smirk only grew as she noticed Kageyama on one of the benches, gulping down water as if his life depended on it.

"Kageyama-kun," she called, skipping over to him cheerfully. When she stopped only a few feet in front of him, he grunted in greeting, only giving her a short nod. "I need to ask you a favor."

Sitting down next to the taller male, [Name] flipped open her journal to the page she had just been on. Mentally, she reminded herself to make her breathing as shallow as possible lest she also become victim to the awful stench that wafted from the pages. Holding the journal closer to Kageyama, she showed him the page and gave her best smile.

"I need a guy's opinion on this new perfume I bought," she lied, bringing the page closer to his nose. "Take a big sniff, okay?"

Leaning towards the offered page, Kageyama reluctantly did just as he was told. Inhaling rather deeply, he felt his eyes begin to water as the odor hit his nostrils. Registering exactly what the smell was, he lurched backwards in an attempt to escape before gagging profusely. In front of him, Kageyama could hear [Name]'s laughter filling the air.

She would regret the day she messed with Kageyama Tobio.

â€|Infuse this page with a smell of your choosing.

60. Chapter 60

Page 60â€|

Quiet consumed the living room of the Hinata household as two female figures sat around, a single book on the table before them and a

bunch of crayons surrounding the area. They had been coloring on each side for quite a while now, [Name] on the right and Natsu on the left, each one of them creating their own little scenery on the page. [Name] had just started coloring in a house on the farthest corner of her side of the page.

"Natsu-chan, can you please hand me the purple crayon?"

[Name] watched in delight as the young child reached for said crayon, her chubby fingers grasping around it as she handed it over to the older female. A mumbled 'here you go' escaped her lips before she went back to work on coloring her side of the page, the green crayon that was in her other hand scribbling wildly along the bottom of the paper. [Name] wanted to coo out loud at the adorable sight of Natsu coloring in her journal, but restrained herself from doing so as she went along and started coloring on the right side of the book.

"A-Ah, oops," Natsu muttered, pulling away from her creation for a moment to survey her mistake. "Sorry, [Name]-onee, I accidentally colored outside the lines."

Reaching a hand out to ruffle the mop top of orange hair that resembled her brother's, [Name] laughed a bit. "It's okay, Natsu-chan," [Name] reassured, giving the young girl a thumbs up. "You're supposed to color outside the lines on this page."

Natsu's mouth formed a bit of a pout as she glanced between [Name] and the journal, not quite understanding why a book would want to have drawings that were colored outside the lines. It went against every coloring book Natsu ever owned.

Shrugging a bit, Natsu went back to work on coloring the left half of the page. Picking up a blue crayon from off the floor, she went about coloring an object on the upper corner of the page, scribbling out a peculiar shape. As she colored, [Name] watched in amusement, trying to guess as to what it was Natsu was drawing. It looked to be some sort of bird flying in the light blue colored 'sky' of the page. When Natsu went to pick up an orange crayon, drawing little triangles along the dark blue blob, it only confirmed [Name]'s suspicions of her drawing a bird.

"That's a very nice bird you're coloring, Natsu-chan," [Name] praised, going back to coloring her peaceful scenery of a farm. She had just started coloring in a brown cow.

"It's not a bird," Natsu answered, huffing slightly that she didn't portray her drawing well enough.

"Oh, then what is it?" [Name] asked.

"A dragon." Natsu then proceeded to continue coloring with the orange crayon, the scribbles spilling over onto [Name]'s side of the page. "He's breathing fire. Look! Now your farm is on fire!"

[Name] could only watch in slight horror and Natsu continued to fill up her side of the page with orange 'flames'. She would definitely have a talk with Hinata later about the types of things he let his sister watch.

â€|Color outside of the lines.

61. Chapter 61

Page 61â€|

Eyes closed and mind concentrated, [Name] tried her best to trace the shape of the dots by memory. Her pen moved along in the directions she thought it should go, leaving behind long trails of black ink. She thought she had remembered the way the dots went perfectly, but upon opening her eyes she realized she had been completely off. The shape she had drawn was correct, but the dots hadn't been connected at all. Instead, she had been a few centimeters off.

"Darn, this is harder than I thought," she complained, setting her pen aside as she looked at her failure.

Behind her, Ennoshita was smiling a bit as he watched her try again for the umpteenth time. He had been sitting near [Name] for quite a while now, watching her trace the dots over and over again, only to fall short of tracing them perfectly. The page was littered with black lines by now, all of them far off from their target. When he watched [Name] fail for what seemed to be the twentieth time that hour, Ennoshita couldn't help but let out a short chuckle.

"Hmph," [Name] harrumphed as she crossed her arms, a pout forming on her face. "Quit laughing at me."

Ennoshita placed his hands up in the air defensively, trying his best to stifle the chuckles that threatened to continue spilling from his lips. He watched as [Name] pushed both her pen and journal towards him, the texture of the book's cover scratching against the surface of the table. Slowly, he took the journal and pen from her, raising a single brow in question.

"You think you're so smart, you do it," [Name] stated, answering Ennoshita's unspoken question.

Shrugging a bit, Ennoshita flipped to the page that [Name] had been messing with. He took a long hard look at the page, memorizing exactly where each of the dots were placed. When he felt that he knew what he should be doing, he closed his eyes and placed the tip of the pen where he thought the first dot was. Slowly, he moved his hand, left, right, diagonal, across the page to the next side, up, down, then stop. Once he believed he had connected all the dots, Ennoshita opened his eyes and glanced down at the page.

"There you go," he stated merrily, handing the book back over to [Name].

Sure that he, too, had messed up, [Name] flipped back to the page. She scanned the page with its multiple lines, looking passed her own failures. Slowly, her face changed from surprise to anger to jealousy all in one fluid motion.

"Ennoshita-senpai," she exclaimed, facing the perfect trace towards him as she pointed at it. "How on earth did you do that?! Teach me!"

Chuckling a bit, Ennoshita ruffled [Name]'s hair before standing from his seat. He placed a single finger to his lips in a hushing motion before walking away from the first year female.

Mouth agape at Ennoshita's blatant refusal on showing her his secrets, [Name] quickly snapped out of it to run after him.

"Wait! Ennoshita-senpai, you can't keep it a secret forever!"

â€|Close your eyes; connect the dots from memory.

62. Chapter 62

Page 62â€|

Smiling happily, [Name] skipped through the hallway of the tournament hall where her friends were competing in a volleyball match. She was on her way towards the front entrance, intent on picking up the object she had left there. A few hours ago, before the tournament had even begun, [Name] had duct taped her journal to the wall near the entrance of the hall, clipping the pages together so they would stay open on a certain prompt she wanted everyone to see. Inwardly, she was excited to see the sort of things people would have left for her in her journal.

"Oh, there it is," she chimed, making her way to the exact location she had left her journal in. In retrospect, it was a pretty foolish idea leaving her journal unattended in an open space, so [Name] was more than a little relieved that her book had stayed in the exact spot she had placed it in. "Now, let's see what people drew."

Scanning the page with her eyes, a single finger propped up onto the paper to guide her gaze, [Name] looked at all the amusing pictures that were depicted. There was a large scribble on the bottom left corner and it looked as if it were colored with crayon. [Name] guessed that it might've been drawn by one of the many small children in attendance that day. Next to it, there were some cute drawings of fluffy kittens and drooling puppies, obviously a girl's handiwork. At the very top of the page, somebody had drawn a logo along with their school's name, tagging [Name]'s journal with their school's motto. Some people hadn't even bothered drawing pictures, instead writing phrases or asking questions that would never be answered.

"Huh, what's that?" Peering closely towards the middle of the book, [Name] noticed a phone number along with a name. She snorted in an unladylike manner, rolling her eyes. "As if."

Busy with looking at the rest of the drawings and comments, [Name] barely noticed a rather tall figure coming up behind her giggling form. It wasn't until the artificial lighting of the hall was blocked from her view and a large shadow fell onto her that she noticed another presence. Intimidation found its way into her veins, coiling itself into her body as she slowly turned on her heel to face the newcomer. When she had made the 180, [Name] still had to force herself to look up as this new person was definitely taller than her in every aspect.

"Oh, it's you," she sighed in relief, recognizing the gentle giant before her. "Aone-senpai, you can't just sneak up behind me like that. I nearly had a heart attack."

The tall male gave [Name] what appeared to her to look like an apologetic look, but offered no words to confirm or deny her suspicions. Glancing behind her, Aone noticed her journal taped to the wall, a single pen tied with a cut rubber band dangling from it. Noticing his gaze, [Name] looked back at her journal with a smile before stepping out of the tall volleyball player's way.

"I'm inviting people to draw in it," she explained, watching as he stepped forward to read through the comments. "You can too if you want to."

Taking up her offer, Aone picked up the pen hanging off her journal before drawing something simple in the upper left corner. Glancing at his work, [Name] noticed a small, plain smiley face staring back at her. Watching as Aone promptly walked away, she couldn't help but think it fit his personality so well.

â€|Hang the journal in a public place; invite people to draw here.

63. Chapter 63

Page 63â€|

Standing perfectly still in place while he waited for Hinata to reappear, Kenma's eyes shifted around nervously as he took in his surroundings. He was standing outside Karasuno's gymnasium, having traveled a long way to visit his friend for the weekend, and was feeling quite anxious. Upon his arrival he was greeted not only by a smiling Hinata, but a bubbly [Name] as well. She had run up to him, forgetting her manners yet again and hugging him tightly around his waist. Having gotten slightly used to her rash decisions, Kenma would've been fine if it had stayed as a hug, but when [Name] reached for his pockets, he flipped out. Now, wherever he went, he felt as if he were lying in wait for her to attack him once more.

"Sorry to keep you waiting!"

Looking up towards the doors to the gym, Kenma watched as Hinata made his way through the doors. He jumped the few stair steps that were there to land right next to Kenma, the bag around his shoulder landing heavily against his hip.

"It's okay," Kenma murmured, his eyes still searching around for the bubbly female that often accompanied her more than equally bubbly ginger friend. Deciding it would be best to know where she was rather than being surprised, Kenma asked, "Where's [Name]-chan today?"

"I'm right here!"

Suddenly a pair of arms were once again wrapped around Kenma's waist and he stiffened instantly upon contact. [Name] had appeared quite literally out of nowhere, pulling Kenma into another unwanted hug. Looking down at the girl, he was relieved at least to see that she wasn't reaching for his pockets. Yet.

"It's so sweet that you missed me," she teasingly cooed, letting him go free from her hug after a second. Taking a step back from him, she eyed his pockets in an obvious manner.

Noticing her gaze, Kenma put his own hands into his pockets to avoid the awkward situation where she would try to put her hands in there. Shifting his fingers around, he didn't feel much in there. A few coins rested at the very bottom of his pocket, covered up by the crumpled up bus ticket he had used to get to Karasuno. Underneath all that he felt the fuzzy texture of pocket lint. Not wanting that trash in there, he pulled it out, flicking it away and watching it float in the wind.

"Ah, wait!" [Name] was suddenly running after the pieces of lint as they blew away in the wind. "That's what I was looking for!"

Kenma watched in confusion as [Name] chased after the pieces, his brows furrowing the longer he stared. He wanted to say something, but what does one say in this type of situation?

"Uhâ€¦"

A hand on his shoulder stopped him from saying anything. Looking towards Hinata, he found the other male shaking his head.

"Don't," he said, leading Kenma away from [Name]. "She's been doing that all week."

Kenma felt as if he'd never understand that girl.

****â€¦Collect your pocket lint; glue it here.****

64. Chapter 64

****Page 64â€¦****

Staring at the page she had just completed, [Name] felt a pink tint make its way onto her face. Her cheeks felt as if they were on fire, the heat warming up her body as she traced the lines on the page with her fingers. Her embarrassment intensified as she thought back to recent events.

She had been sitting in the classroom during the lunch break, wanting to quickly complete one more page of her journal before the bell rang. Pink inked pen in her dominant hand, she traced her other hand on the page of her journal, following the contours of her fingers carefully. She didn't want to mess up and end up with a lumpy looking trace of her hand. When she had finished her masterpiece, she wrote her name in the middle of the picture, completing her vision. That was when Hinata appeared by her side, asking what she was doing. Showing him the page's prompt, she was surprised when he said he wanted to do that one as well.

Watching as Hinata took out a blue inked pen, [Name] passed the book over to him so he could trace his hand as well. It only took a few seconds for him to do it, Hinata placing his name in the middle of his hand as well when he finally completed his trace. When he had completed his own, he closed the book before passing it back to

[Name] with a smile. She wanted to open it back to the page to see how it looked.

That was when the school bell rang, signaling for class to start once more. As Hinata made his way back to his own desk, [Name] placed her journal into her school bag, instantly forgetting about the page they had just finished as their teacher walked into the classroom. It wasn't until way later that day, when she had finally returned home, that she remembered her journal.

"Let's see what it looks like," she had said, taking the book out of her bag before flipping through the pages.

When she had found her way back to the page, her eyes widened in slight surprise. The two hands on the page were quite obvious, Hinata's larger blue one overlapping with her own smaller pink one. Where the pen's inks had crossed over each other, the colors had blended, causing small purple tints here and there. It was a very beautiful picture, but that wasn't what surprised her the most.

"It looks like we're holding hands," she murmured.

Which brought her back to her current situation, staring at the interlocked pictures of the hands with an ever increasing blush on her cheeks. A million and one question ran through her mind as she continued tracing the outlines with her finger. Did Hinata know what he was doing when he traced his own hand over hers? Did he plan it that way? Was he trying to tell her something? Did he do it on purpose or accident? Or was he clueless to the entire situation?

Closing the book, [Name] dropped it off onto her desk before falling back onto her bed, her arms circling around a pillow and squeezing it close to her body. She let out a few grumbles of confusion, kicking the air in a desperate attempt to try and understand. When she had tired herself out, she rolled onto her side, eyes landing on the closed journal as she stared at it.

"What does this mean!?"

â€|Trace your hand.

65. Chapter 65

Page 65â€|

"Oh, come on, this isn't fair!"

Hopping up in down, [Name] growled as she was forced to play a cruel game of monkey in the middle with Tanaka and Nishinoya. They were laughing, throwing around a bottle of glue at each other as she tried desperately to reach for it. [Name] thought it would be easy catching the glue bottle when it was thrown to Nishinoya, seeing as they were close to the same height, but she had underestimated how high he could jump.

"There's no way we're letting you mess with the glue again," Nishinoya said as he, once again, jumped high enough to catch the glue bottle Tanaka had just thrown. Immediately he chucked it back

towards Tanaka, who caught it flawlessly.

"Yeah, not after all those times you glued something to the floor," Tanaka piped in, tossing it over [Name]'s head to Nishinoya.

"Or the wall," he added.

"And the roof."

"A tree."

"To people."

The boys chuckled as [Name] once again failed to catch the bottle midair. Landing heavily on her feet, she started panting from having to run back and forth between the two for over five minutes now. All she had wanted to do was draw a simple smiley face in her book with the bottle of colored glue that was kept in Takeda's office, but the boys had caught up to her, taking it away before she could even lay a finger on it. Feeling more than a little tired and irritated, [Name] stopped jumping after the bottle all together, watching as the boys continued throwing it around. She felt bullied.

"Fine," she said, hiding her sniffles behind a strong façade. "I don't need that glue. I have my own glue at home."

Huffing a bit, [Name] stalked off away from the boys. Stopping their little game, Tanaka caught the glue one last time before glancing over at his fellow second year. They both frowned, realizing they had probably gone a bit too far in trying to tease the first year. The duo had heard [Name]'s sniffles despite her attempt to hide them and instantly felt bad.

"Hey, wait," they yelled together, running after her.

"Here," Tanaka said, placing the bottle of glue in her hand a bit forcefully. "Sorry for being a jerk."

"Yeah," Nishinoya agreed, nodding his head as they both apologized.

"It's okay," [Name] muttered in acceptance. "You're forgiven."

Wiping away the fake tears that had accumulated in the corners of her eyes, [Name] gave them a cheerful, but conniving smile. She knew how to get exactly what she wanted.

â€|Draw with glue.

66. Chapter 66

Page 66â€|

Sitting on the floor in the middle of her room, [Name] dipped a makeup brush into one of the many colored eye shadows that her palette had to offer. Around her, bits of the powdery makeup had fallen, staining the fabric of her clothing and the carpet with different colors. There were three different makeup palettes on the

floor nearby, only two of which [Name] owned. The third belonged to Yachi, who happened to be sitting just a foot away from [Name] with her eyes closed in anticipation.

"Geez," [Name] complained. She didn't like the color she had just picked up with the brush, so instead of dusting it off, she rubbed the brush's fibers onto a page of her book, staining the paper slightly with its pigment. As she reached for a different, more vibrant color, she continued her complaint. "My floor's a mess. I hope vacuuming this stuff will work or my mom's going to kill me."

Yachi laughed nervously at the statement, flinching slightly in surprise when [Name] suddenly placed the end of the makeup brush to her closed eye. "I can help you clean up after we're done," she offered, fighting the urge to sneeze as some of the eye shadow fell into range of her nose.

"Thanks, Yachi-chan," [Name] said earnestly, carefully dabbing the bright pigment near the corner of Yachi's eyelids. Once the base color was on, she reached for a contrasting color, testing it out on a page of her journal before placing some of it at the very corner of Yachi's eyes. "There," she said, finally setting the makeup brush down. "I think I'm finished."

Opening her eyes in a flutter, Yachi took a moment to get used to the light in the room she was seeing. Fighting the urge to rub her eyes, she reached for the mirror on the floor and looked at her reflection. Slowly, her mouth started to resemble an 'oh' as she continued to take in the sight of her makeup.

Her eyes were colored with a deep purple, nearly looking as if she had been punched in the face. At the very corners a vibrant pink had been blended in, giving Yachi the impression that she had suddenly acquired some sort of disease. Her cheeks were colored the same shade of pink, seeming too bright to be natural and her lips, glossy and wet from too much lip gloss, were a gaudy shade of red.

Yachi turned her gaze over to [Name] who, in all honesty, looked even worse. Her eyes were colored a vibrant green with yellow highlights. Her cheeks were some sort of reddish brown color and her lips were painted with the deepest of maroons. All in all, neither of them looked like the super models in magazines they were trying to imitate.

"Maybe we should have looked up videos on how to do makeup," Yachi suggested, handing [Name] her mirror so the other girl could get a good look at her face.

Upon seeing her reflection, [Name] gave a laugh. "Yeah, that would have been for the best," she said, reaching for a plastic container she had kept off to the side. "It's a good thing we have an entire package of makeup remover wipes."

Smiling wide, Yachi joined [Name] in her laughter as she reached for the first of many makeup wipes to be soiled. Outside, the sun had only just begun its descent.

They would have a lot of time to practice.

****â€|Sample various substances found in your home.****

67. Chapter 67

****Page 67â€|****

Sitting in my usual spot in the corner of the room, my eyes are intently focused on the pages of work before me. Or at least, they should be. My pencil has started running out of lead and, looking through my pencil case, I've only now realized that I am completely out of it. For now, I am going to have to use a number two pencil.

But the one I have in my bag is rather dull. And I have no means of sharpening it. Looking over in Suga-senpai's direction, I know he has a pencil sharpener somewhere among his things. I should ask him, but he's too focused on talking to Hinata-kun. I'm afraid if I interrupt him now, he'll know what I am doing.

The room we are in is as dusty as I remember, but then again, a lot of the classrooms are. The windows look like they haven't been wiped in ages and I'm sure if I were to run a finger across them, I would leave a trail where light could shine even brighter. The floor is covered in dust bunnies. It's disgusting. Some of the desks in the room are old and rickety. I fear for my safety when I have to sit in one, so I often search around for the best desk before I choose my seat for the day. Hinata-kun doesn't really care, always choosing whatever seat is next to me, and Suga-senpai usually takes the seat opposite of us.

I'm looking back down at the paper I should be doing now. It has symbols and markings littered all over it and I'm not quite sure what they all mean. It's as if it's written in a completely different language. I could ask Suga-senpai, but, like I said before, he's talking to Hinata-kun and I'm supposed to look like I'm doing work. It's starting to get hard to write since my pencil is on the last centimeter of lead it has in it. Maybe I should try askingâ€" '

"[Name]-chan, how is your math homework coming along?"

The hint of venom in his voice does not go unnoticed by the first year female as she turns a sheepish smile in Sugawara's direction. Glancing down at her homework page, she notices that the only thing she's done so far is written her name. Other than that, she had been writing in her journal the entire time. As an excuse, she holds up her pencil.

"Ah, I couldn't start because I ran out of lead."

"But I've been watching you writing this entire time," Sugawara challenged, eyeing the journal [Name] tried desperately to hide behind her arm.

Being caught red handed, [Name] hung her head in apology before reaching for her number two pencil. She would have to deal with doing work with its dull point for now. Finally focusing on the page of work before her, it took a few minutes before she started answering some of the more simpler math equations on the sheet before her.

It didn't take long before distractions won her over.

_ 'I just got scolded by Suga-senpai for wasting all my pencil lead on this journal entry. Maybe if I only write every so often he won't catchâ€" '_

"[Name]!"

"Sorry!"

â€|Document a boring event in detail.

68. Chapter 68

Page 68â€|

"Ouch!" Asahi yelped as he felt a small pain at the top of his head, almost like a pinprick. Upon turning around, he saw [Name] standing behind him, a large smile on her face as she held between two fingers a strand of his hair. Asahi frowned, asking, "What was that for?" Then in a panic, "D-Do I have white hairs again!?"

Laughing at her older friend's unnecessary panic, yet feeling slightly bad for being part of the reason why he held that fear, [Name] shook her head and waved at Asahi dismissively. "No, no," she answered, quieting down her laughter after a couple of seconds. "Nothing like that, Asahi-senpai. I just needed a strand of hair for something."

She waved her trophy piece around in the air for a bit, amazed by how long Asahi was able to keep his hair, before she opened up her journal, placing the strand amongst the many other she had on that one page. Asahi noticed the other strands of hair stuck in the same page, wondering who it all could have come from. He noticed a single gray strand lying next to a curly orange one. So she had gotten to Sugawara and Hinata before she had found him, had she?

"Ah, [Name]-chan, what are you doing with all those hairs?" Asahi asked, pointing at the journal.

[Name], who was busy studying the strands of hair that she had collected, hadn't paid attention to a single word Asahi had said, instead answering with, "How do you not have split ends?"

"Huh?" For a moment, Asahi was confused. He didn't understand how her question answered his own, but he didn't have time to clarify as [Name] began rambling on.

"I mean, I have hair with some pretty decent length to it, but I still have to trim it every so often to get rid of split ends. Even my other girl friends get split ends from time to time," she blabbered, her fingers playing with the ends of her hair as she spoke. "Asahi-senpai, what's your secret? I need to know!"

Thoroughly confused, Asahi stumbled over his words, trying his best to go through his daily routine when it came to taking care of his hair. Every so often, [name] would interject, asking him why he did

one thing or why he didn't do another. After a full five minutes of talking about Asahi's routine, [Name] nodded with understanding.

"I should try that," she murmured to herself. "Thank you Asahi-senpai! I'll make sure your piece of hair gets to be an important part of the picture!"

"Thank you?"

Once again, Asahi was left standing in the middle of the hallway in confusion as he watched [Name] skip off in the opposite direction. He had a hard time understanding that girl sometimes, but her odd antics always left somewhat of a smile on his face.

Later that day, while Asahi was walking to practice, he heard the familiar yell of, "Ow! [Name], what the hell?!"

"Ah, so she finally caught up to Nishinoya," he muttered to himself, turning to go the opposite way.

â€|Create a drawing using a piece (or several pieces) of your hair.

69. Chapter 69

Page 69â€|

Standing in the doorway to the classroom, Yamaguchi watched as [Name] sat at her desk. Every so often a giggle would escape her lips and she would pick up a sharpie to doodle over the top of something in her journal. The array of colored permanent markers littered her desk, the ones she had already used being set off to the side so she could make sure she used all of them at least once. It looked like she was having fun.

Originally, Yamaguchi had walked to the classroom in search for Hinataâ€"something about Daichi wanting to see him for a minute during the lunch breakâ€"but upon realizing that the orange haired decoy was nowhere in sight, Yamaguchi set his attention onto the first year female. Walking over to her desk, he spoke a soft 'hello' and was greeted with [name]'s own quick nod of acknowledgment. Yamaguchi looked over her shoulder, curious as to what she was laughing about.

On the page of her journal, a single Polaroid picture was glued to the page. Around the picture [Name] had written small words such as 'dork' or 'geek', decorating the face of the person in the picture with fake mustaches and swirling glasses. It made Yamaguchi feel slightly uncomfortable watching someone he regarded as a friend doing something so horrible.

"[Name]-chan, why would you do something so cruel?" He asked quietly.

Hearing the query, [Name] gave Yamaguchi a look that was a mix of shock and confusion. She looked back at the picture, wondering why he would say something like that before she realized what the problem was. The picture looked nothing like her anymore.

"It's okay, Yamaguchi-kun," she said with a smile, pointing at the person's face in the photograph. "That's only an old picture of me from like, three years ago. It's not like I'm bullying anyone."

Yamaguchi nodded, feeling only slightly relieved that the photograph [Name] was defacing wasn't one of a stranger. He would have felt a million times worse if he had found out that someone he thought was so nice was suddenly the very thing he despised the most. Confusion still settled on his face, creasing his brow lines with small wrinkles.

"Still, why would you do that?"

[Name] merely shrugged. "If you can't laugh at yourself, how do you expect to ever like yourself?" She asked him, closing her book shut. "And if you can't like yourself, how do you expect other people to like you?"

Taken aback by her words, Yamaguchi's eyes widened slightly. Without his knowledge, he had started caressing the skin of his cheeks where the freckles he hated so much resided. [Name], noticing this gesture, reached a hand up to help Yamaguchi lower his own.

"They're cute," she said simply.

Yamaguchi didn't have to ask what she was referring to. He already knew. Giving her a grateful smile, he murmured a quiet 'thank you'.

He was glad at least one of them thought so.

****â€|Glue in a photo of yourself you dislike; deface.****

70. Chapter 70

****Page 70â€|****

Dipping the bent out of shape paperclip into the green paint, [Name] made sure it was thoroughly covered before she removed it from the container of liquid pigment. When the paperclip came out, dripping with green, she cheered a bit before immediately bringing it over to her open journal, drawing a line straight down the page where many other lines had been drawn. A collage of different colored lines decorated the paper, each one a different width and thickness since she had been using different utensils all morning. Around her, litter from her previous attempts were scattered across the floor. There was a fork dipped in red paint, an orange peel dipped in purple paint, and even a millipedeâ€"still alive thankfullyâ€"with its little feet stained with yellow.

"[Name]-chan, what are you doing?"

The question had startled [Name], seeing as she thought she was alone in the art room. To her, it seemed to have come out of nowhere, but to the person standing in the doorway it hadn't. He had been leaning against the door frame for a solid three minutes, watching as [Name] painted with her odd objects.

"Kinoshita-senpai," [Name] gasped, placing a hand to her heart in an attempt to calm its sudden palpitations. She didn't notice the bits of paint that had stuck to her hands however, causing her to stain her perfectly white school blouse once she had come in contact with it. "You scared me! How long were you standing there?"

"Ever since Mr. Wiggles took a bath in yellow paint," the second year answered, his hand gesturing to the millipede that was busy escaping its human captor, leaving a smudging trail of yellow behind. "I was passing by when I heard you laughing in here," he explained. "Are you coming to watch us practice today?"

Glancing between her book and Kinoshita standing in the doorway, [Name] gave a faux thoughtful look. In reality, they both knew what her answer would be.

"I've been going every day since I became friends with Hinata-kun," she answered, closing her book before shoving it into her school bag. She didn't really care that the lines of paint hadn't dried completely. At least they would make a cool patten when she opened the book again. Swinging her bag over so it rested on her shoulder, she walked over to where Kinoshita was waiting. "Why would I stop now?"

Grinning, Kinoshita stepped out of the doorway, making a grand gesture. "Ladies first."

"Thank you," [Name] smiled, playing along with Kinoshita's play and being gentlemanly. Together, they walked in silence towards the gym, [Name] with her hands swinging gently by her sides and Kinoshita with his hands stuffed in his pockets. It wasn't until they were a few minutes away did he finally speak up.

"Hey, [Name]-chan, you might want to clean up your shirt a bit."

Looking down at said uniform, [Name] gaped at the smeared colors that were there. "Damn it, this is the third one I've ruined! My mom is going to kill me!"

â€|Draw lines using abnormal writing utensils dipped in ink or paint.

71. Chapter 71

Page 71â€|

"You just don't listen to me! If you would justâ€"

Growling in frustration, [Name] slammed the front door to her home. The loud sound of it closing reverberated throughout the house, causing the picture frames on the nearby walls to tremble in place. On the other side of the door, she could still hear a certain redhead arguing with himself.

"Go home!" [Name] yelled, more than a little ticked off that Hinata felt the need to stand on her doorstep while he tried to argue his points.

Deciding that she would rather not hear him speaking for a while, [Name] quickly turned on her heel and stalked off towards her room. She could still feel her blood boiling with anger when she opened her door harshly, causing it to bounce off the adjacent wall. Hopping onto her bed, she picked up one of the many pillows that rested there and pushed it into her face, letting out a scream that was muffled by the plush pillow. Still not feeling any better after she pulled the pillow away from her face, [Name] rummaged through her bag, looking for anything and everything that would distract her from her rage.

"Sometimes he's just soâ€¦ Ugh!"

Pulling out her journal from her back, [Name] started flipping through the pages. She wanted to write something down, thinking that if she could get her current emotions out on paper then they wouldn't be as strong. Landing on the page she was on last, she pulled out a red sharpie and started writing on the paper. She was writing about the argument, recounting the things that had caused her to quarrel with Hinata so harshly.

"Ugh!" She grunted. For some reason writing about the argument wasn't helping at all. In fact, it was making her angrier.

[Name] growled a bit in frustration when her hand slipped, causing the red sharpie to streak a line all across the page. Angry that her handwritten rant was visually ruined, she started scribbling angry circles into the page, covering up the words. When she had almost completely covered the page in red sharpie, she capped the marker and set it aside, grabbing a black one and scribbling over the top of the red. The wet ink of the sharpie soaked through the page, causing it to shred and peel the more she colored it. Soon, she would be drawing a hole through the page.

A soft knock at her door caught [Name]'s attention and, wiping away the tears she didn't realize were falling, she turned to see her mother standing there.

"Want to come with me on my business trip?"

The question caught [Name] off guard for a second, but she nodded, glad that her mother was kind enough not to pry. At least, not yet. She watched as her mother gave her a nod and a smile, mentioning their time of departure before leaving her to pack. [Name] picked up a duffel bag big enough to shove a few days' worth of clothes. Usually, by now she would be excitedly telling Hinata about her upcoming trip with her mom.

But right now she couldn't care less.

â€¦Fill in this page when you are really angry.

72. Chapter 72

Page 72â€¦

[Name] had known she would be going to Tokyo with her mother for the business trip. What she hadn't known was that she would be seeing people she knew while she was visiting the city. When her mother had

allowed her to wander off on her ownâ€”as long as she had a fully charged cell phoneâ€”the first place she had wanted to visit was the mall. Walking her way through the maze-like shopping center, she was quite surprised to find a certain introvert with pudding hair sitting at a table.

"Hello," she had chirped, thoroughly surprising Kenma as she sat next to him at the table.

After explaining to him that she was visiting on a business trip with her mother, the two of them settled into a comfortable silence, Kenma playing a video game on his phone and [Name] fiddling with her journal. After a few minutes in silence, [Name] started talking to the fidgeting second year.

"So why are you at the mall?" She asked, trying her best to concentrate on drawing with her left hand.

Kenma glanced over at [Name] through the corner of his eye, mumbling, "Kuroo brought me here."

[Name] nodded in understandingâ€”it made sense that Kenma wouldn't be out in public unless he was forced to beâ€”and clicked her tongue a bit when the word she was busy writing came out sloppy. She was definitely not left handed. A few more seconds of silence consumed the two teenagers once more.

Noticing that it was near impossible to get Kenma to start a conversation, [Name] decided to take the initiative. "So, where is Kuroo-senpai now?"

Kenma shrugged.

[Name] sighed in exasperation. Kenma was making it rather difficult to hold up a conversation and on top of all of that, the drawing of a cat [Name] had been working on for a few minutes had started looking more like a horned blob than the adorable feline she was imagining.

Noticing her distress, Kenma bit his lip. He paused his game, not quite sure what it was he should be doing. He glanced at her journal, looking at the sloppy squiggles that decorated the page. What was it she was trying to do?

"Do you want to try?" [Name] asked when she saw him staring. "It has to be with your left hand."

[Name] handed him the book and pencil, watching as he stared at the page for a second before he placed the tip of the pencil to the paper. After a few seconds of watching him draw, [Name] could feel her jaw dropping. He, too, was drawing a cat, but his was coming out way more perfectly than [Name]'s had.

"Are you left handed?" She asked in amazement, but once Kenma shook his head for a negative answer, she could only point an accusatory finger at him. "Liar! How are you so good at that?! It must be witchcraft!"

Kenma flinched at [Name]'s accusation, mumbling a 'no' as she continued to ramble. Off in the distance, Kenma could hear Kuroo

approaching. He frowned, knowing that his day had suddenly become ten times more stressful.

â€|Write or draw with your left hand.

73. Chapter 73

Page 73â€|

Twirling the dark hair of his fringe between two fingers, Kuroo grunted in annoyance. He had been having a perfectly fine day at the mall with Kenma when the little first year girl from Karasuno had arrived. Under normal circumstances, he would have been happy to see a familiar face, but things had turned out differently when she noticed him for the first time.

"Oh, Kuroo-senpai," [Name] had greeted when he approached. "It's nice to see you again. Your hair is as messy as ever, I see!"

At first, Kuroo had dismissed her comment with a twitch of his eye, forcing a smile on his face as he roughly patted the hair atop her head. When he was finished, [Name]'s hair was just as messy as Kuroo's, if not worse. However, as the day lingered on and the duo turned trio paraded around the mall, Kuroo was finding that the comment was starting to eat away at his confidence. He had tried so hard to smooth out the normally wild locks of hair this morning, but to no avail. They simply sprung back up into position, staying the same way they had been since he woke up.

Tugging at a dark strand of hair, Kuroo grunted once more.

Noticing the odd behavior that he was displaying, [Name] allowed herself to observe Kuroo for a bit longer. He was pouting, one hand fervently trying to pat down the spikes atop his head. She wondered why he was trying to ruin such a cool looking haircut, but decided it would be best not to ask. Perhaps he wanted something to cover it up.

"Kuroo-senpai, do you want to wear a hat?"

Ears perking up a bit at the sound of the question, Kuroo turned his gaze towards the much shorter female. Was she really offering to help him with his bad hair problem? Perhaps she was feeling bad for making such an underhanded comment earlier. Feeling more than a little grateful, Kuroo nodded as he finally let his hands fall from his hair.

Excitement showed on [Name]'s face as she allowed a large grin to take over her features. Opening the bag that she had been carrying with her, [name] fumbled around for the contents inside. "It was in here somewhere," she mumbled to herself.

Seeing as she was rustling through her bag, Kuroo felt his sudden hope for a cool new hate fading. [Name] looking through her bag could only mean one thing: whatever she was getting would most definitely be girly.

"Here it is!" [Name] cheered as she held up the object triumphantly. Opening it up so it was split in half, [Name] gently placed it atop

Kuroo's head. The spikes that were on top flattened out under the weight of the object, causing more hair to fall into Kuroo's eyes. With a snicker, [Name] snapped a picture of his new style.

"Uh," Kuroo started, deadpanning as he looked at the journal that was sitting on his head. "This isn't what I had in mindâ€|"

From beside him, Kuroo could see Kenma taking a picture as well.

â€|*Find a way to wear the journal.**

74. Chapter 74

Page 74â€|

[Name] had returned home with her mother the day after the business meeting, leaving Kenma and Kuroo back in Tokyo where they belonged. It had been a cheery and quick goodbye, but [Name] guaranteed it wouldn't be the last time they'd see each other. After all, there was always the next time the volleyball teams would meet up for another training get away.

Speaking of volleyball, one player in particular ran through [Name]'s mind upon her arrival home. She hadn't talked to her best friend in nearly three days and something akin to a withdrawal was starting to settle into her bones. Picking up her cell phone, she quickly scrolled through her contacts and found Hinata's number. The picture she had taken for his contact information smiled dumbly at her from the screen and she quickly tapped at his number, calling him without a second thought.

"Hello?"

It wasn't until his hesitant answer sounded off on the other end of the line that [Name] remembered their argument. What if he was still angry with her? Feeling stupid for calling, she hurriedly came up with an excuse, saying, "Sorry, wrong number." Hanging up her phone just as quickly, she sat at her desk, wondering how she would go about winning Hinata's friendship back. She would need to apologize. Maybe writing him a letter would do?

The sight of her journal caught her attention after a few seconds and, flipping through the pages to one she remembered seeing, [Name] set her plan in motion.

The next day, Hinata showed up at his usual time to class: early enough to be on time, yet late enough that he was the last to arrive. Trudging his way to his desk, he barely noticed the clusters of people that were normally chatting away as they waited for the teacher. He felt miserable to say the least, having not had a best friend to talk to for three days, and he was starting to think maybe he should apologize. Sitting at his desk, he let his head fall forward, only noticing something was different when he didn't land face first onto a wooden desk.

"Huh?" He grumbled as he lifted his head, looking at the book that was opened on top his desk. His eyes widened, seeing the familiar penmanship on the page. It contained only two words and no signature,

but he instantly knew who it was from.

"It's about our argument." Looking up, Hinata noticed [Name] standing only a few desks away. How he hadn't noticed her earlier was a mystery to him. Hinata opened his mouth to speak, but was cut off by [Name] saying, "I'm sorry. Let's not fight again."

Looking down at the page once more, Hinata reread the two words that [Name] had just repeated herself. He's traced the apology with his fingers for a moment before closing the book. Picking it up off his desk, he stood and approached his female companion, watching as her smile grew more nervous by the second.

Placing the book in [Name]'s hands, Hinata gave her a sincere smile.

"I'm sorry too. Let's be friends again."

â€|This page is a sign; what do you want it to say?

75. Chapter 75

Page 75â€|

"You two, get back here right now!"

"[Name], what did you do?!"

[Name] could feel herself gasping for breath as she ran alongside Hinata, a pen in hand as she scribbled endlessly onto a page of her journal. The lines were bumpy and jagged thanks to the jostling that happened as she ran, but as long as the pen didn't leave the paper, she'd be fine.

"I have no idea," she wheezed out, cursing the heavens that she wasn't as athletic as you ginger friend.

Hinata could feel himself start to sweat as he rounded a corner, [Name] close behind as they continued running. He found himself wondering how long they'd been trying to escape Daichi. Five minutes? Ten minutes? An hour? Surely if he ran that long, he would've missed practice already. Glancing over at his female companion, Hinata nearly deadpanned as he watched her struggle to draw in her book as she ran with him.

"You think we can stop soon?" [Name] had started to pant a bit and the lines she was drawing had started growing closer together, resembling scribbles. "This is getting hard to do!"

Glancing behind them, Hinata noticed no sign of the third year captain. Perhaps they'd lost him when they rounded the corner? Slowly, the pair of first year troublemakers slowly came to a stop, the male feeling fineâ€"he'd grown used to running a lot during trainingâ€"and the female greedily gulping down airâ€"she'd grown used to sitting on the bench during training. Once again, Hinata looked around the area for any clue that Daichi might be nearby.

"[Name], really, we have to figure out why Daichi is angry this

time!" Upon receiving no answer from the girl, Hinata paused his search for the third year and glanced over to her. She was still scribbling in her journal, the line she'd been drawing spilling over onto the next page. "What are you doing anyway?"

"Drawing a squiggle," came her simple response. "A really long squiggle."

Distracted by his best friend's simple minded task, Hinata had no time to realize that Daichi had snuck up behind the two of them until it was too late. A firm hand was placed on each of their shoulder, the person's grip seeming almost uncomfortably tight. Hinata froze instantly upon feeling Daichi's hand on his shoulder and he immediately started praying to whatever god was listening that the third year felt merciful this day. [Name], on the other hand, had only flinched for a moment, her hand still working on scribbling throughout the page.

"You know," Daichi started off, his tone low and intimidating. "When your senior tells you to stop and come back, you first years are supposed to listen."

"I-I'm sorry, Daichi-san!" Hinata apologized.

Noticing that [Name] had yet to say anything, Hinata forcefully nudged her side, causing her to fumble and drop her pen to the floor.

"Ah, rats! Looks like that's where my line ends." Then, she looked to Daichi. "O-Oh, Daichi! H-hello?"

â€|**Create a nonstop line.**

76. Chapter 76

Page 76â€|

His shoulder had started to hurt a while ago thanks to the constant landing he had been doing on it. The muscles in his thighs had also started to ache considerably from constantly pushing himself to his limits. There was a line of sweat on his brow, but he couldn't afford to wipe it away. Not if he didn't want to slip all across the gym floor while he performed his signature move.

Looking toward the bench where his sole audience member and judge sat, he waited for their nod of approval before giving them a thumbs up so he could start. It would be his tenth time doing his signature move that day, not including the times he'd done it during regular practice.

Rolling his shoulder a bit to get rid of the kinks, Nishinoya could feel his sore muscles stretching. They screamed at him to stop moving, to rest, to do anything over what he was about to do, but he didn't listen. Tilting his head to the side, a familiar pop in his neck left him feeling slightly better as he got into his starting position.

"Get ready for this one," he yelled out over to [Name]. "This is the one! I can feel it!"

Giving him her own thumbs up, [Name] watched in minor anticipation. There was only so many time you could watch Nishinoya do the same thing over and over until it got repetitive.

Starting with a short run, the small burst of energy that was left in Nishinoya sprang forth and he leapt toward the ground, reaching a single arm out as he twisted his body to catch itself. He took a deep breath in, readying himself for impact.

"Rolling Thunder!"

The exclamation echoed throughout the gym and [Name] swore her ears were ringing because of it. She barely focused on Nishinoya flipping himself off the ground and back into a standing position. Instead, she was looking down at her journal, scribbling down a few notes here and there.

Meanwhile, Nishinoya looked at her with impatience. He wanted to walk over and see what she was writing in her journal, but he knew she'd most likely take that as cheating. Subconsciously, he started tapping his foot as he waited.

After a few seconds, [Name] finally looked up from her journal, facing it around so Nishinoya could see what she'd written.

"I give it a two at best," she stated, making her voice sound haughty and official. "Nice try, though. Maybe next time."

"What?! What's that out of?!"

"Ten."

"What's wrong with my Rolling Thunder?!"

A small, snorting giggle left [Name]'s lips. "The name sounds so dumb."

"It is not," Nishinoya seethed. Scoffing, he'd walk away. He didn't need her scoring him anyway.

â€|Space for negative comments; what is your inner critique saying?

77. Chapter 77

Page 77â€|

Bringing her thumb up to her lips, [Name] allowed the very tip of her tongue to coat the digit in saliva. Before it could dry, she immediately stuck it onto the page of her journal, smearing a line she had previously drawn with a purple pen. The ink instantly started to bleed, smudging itself into a blurry pattern wherever [Name]'s thumb happened to go. She couldn't help but grimace as the cold air of the room chilled the dried spit on her thumb. She felt disgusting as she followed the instructions of this page. Reluctantly, she repeated the process with her pointer finger and a pink line.

"There's got to be a faster, cleaner way to do this," she mumbled to herself.

Hinata, who had been sitting nearby, heard her quiet complaint. Glancing up at his friend, he watched as she licked her pinky before smearing the ink of a squiggly yellow line. The colors smudged and, when she brought it close to another line, it mixed into an array of new color. Hinata instantly wanted to try.

"I can help, [Name]," he offered, scooting closer to her.

Glad that she'd no longer have to lick her own fingers, [Name] eagerly offered up the journal to her best friend. She watched he proceeded in licking his own fingers before placing them on the page, smearing any line that came in contact with his saliva. Inwardly, she wondered if this counted as an indirect kiss.

As she watched, it soon became apparent that even Hinata had started to grow bored of the task at hand.

"Maybe we can stop now?" He asked, nudging the book back toward [Name].

"No way! There are still a lot of lines left not smudged!" [Name] brought a finger to her chin after she'd cleaned the spit off it and put on a thoughtful look, thinking of a way to speed up the process. "Why don't you just lick the page?"

"What, no, ew," Hinata said, nose crinkling in disgust.

"What? Are you chicken?" [Name] asked with a smirk, taunting her friend.

"No!" Hinata counter-argued, taking the journal back as he looked at the left over lines. Gulping down whatever was lodged in his throat, he prepared himself for the worst. Poking his tongue out between his lips, he quickly ran it along the page, smearing all the leftover ink lines. A foul taste resided on his tongue from the ink and, only a few mere seconds later, he pulled away from the book.

[Name] observed, her cheeks tinted a barely noticeable pink as Hinata passed the book back to her. The lines had all definitely been smudged beyond repair thanks to him, but [Name] was paying no mind to them.

"I think I feel sick now," Hinata murmured out, not noticing his friend's odd behavior. "I think I'm going to the nurse's office."

As he trudged himself out of the room, [Name] looked at the page covered in hers and Hinata's saliva.

"If that isn't an indirect kiss, I don't know what is."

â€|Draw lines with your pen or pencil; lick your finger and smear the lines.

"Yachi-chan, do you want to help me with a page in my journal again?"

Looking up from her notebook, the blonde first year swiveled her head in the direction of the familiar voice. [Name] had opened the door to the classroom rather roughly, causing it to vibrate on its hinges a bit. Watching as her friend bounced her way to her desk, Yachi placed the work she had been completely neatly away in her back, making space for what she knew was to come.

Noticing how Yachi's desk was now currently cleared, [Name] placed her journal atop it. A grin made its way to her face as she looked to her female friend with sparkling eyes. The blonde, in return, gave her own sweet smile.

"Well?" [Name] asked, prompting Yachi for an answer.

Forgetting that she had yet to answer her friend's question, Yachi scrambled a bit to find the right words. "R-Right! I'd be happy to help you with a page, [Name]," she responded quickly. A pink tint had found its way to her cheeks, embarrassed that she'd already stumbled over her vocabulary.

Liking her answer, [Name] pushed the book closer to Yachi. "Okay, then you can choose what we do for today."

"Oh, thank you!" Glad that she'd be the one choosing the journal activity for the day, Yachi picked up the book and started flipping through the pages. Some were fatter than others, sticking well beyond the threshold they'd originally took up when the book was brand new. Passing by a few pages that didn't seem all that interesting, Yachi nearly made it to the back of the book when she spotted something that seemed odd. "[Name], where did this page go?"

Flipping the journal around so [Name] could see, Yachi pointed to the jagged edge of what seemed to be a missing page. Startled, [Name] snatched her journal out of Yachi's hands, examining the tear in the middle of her book. Despite being close to the binding, the tear had left just enough of the page that the corner of a single letter could be seen at the very top. Though, it did nothing to help [Name] remember what exactly the page had been previously.

"I have no idea," she mumbled honestly, playing with the roughed up edge of the torn paper. "I don't even know how this page got torn out." Placing the book on the desk before her, a sudden realization hit [Name] like a ton of bricks. "What if it was an incomplete page," she gasped. "I'll never be able to finish the book! Yachi, we have to find it!"

Shaking her blonde friend by the shoulders, [Name]'s eyes widened in a panic. All she'd ever wanted to accomplish was doing every prompt in her journal, but if a page had gone missing, then she'd never be able to complete that task. Finding it was crucial.

Taking on an air of determination, Yachi gave her friend a silly looking salute, her face contorted into one of concentration. "Let's go find that journal page! What did the prompt on this page ask you to do anyway?"

"I honestly don't remember."

**?

79. Chapter 79

**Page 79

Sitting together at a table in the library, Nishinoya and Tanaka were startled when the sudden thump of a very familiar journal landed on the desk before them. Looking up from their own papers and textbooks, they found a disgruntled [Name] standing before them. She sat down in the chair opposite of them, not waiting for an invite as she immediately began talking.

"You two are smart, right?"

A pair of twin grins formed on the faces of Tanaka and Nishinoya as they glanced at each other. Egos officially stroked, they gave their full attention to the young first year.

"Of course, we're your senpai after all," Nishinoya answered, jutting a thumb at him and Tanaka. "Why do you ask?"

"I need help thinking of four letter English words to write in my journal."

Suddenly, Tanaka and Nishinoya didn't feel so smart. Grins faltering, they glanced at each other once more, nervously this time. Looking down at their textbooks"their English textbooks"the second year dup began to sweat a bit under the expectant gaze of [Name].

"Wouldn't it be easier to find a dictionary?" Tanaka asked, pointing toward the tall bookshelves lining the walls of the library.

"But I thought it'd be faster asking you guys," [Name] admitted. "But if you can't do it"

"Of course we can!" Nishinoya was adamant about helping out his younger schoolmate, English or no English. Placing a thoughtful thumb onto his chin, he wracked his brain for any words that came to mind which only had four letters. "Frog? That has four letters, right? Yeah, frog."

"Oh, and bear," Tanaka chimed in, sticking with Nishinoya's animal theme.

"Bird!"

"Lion!"

"Potato!"

"That's not an animal, Yuu," Tanaka corrected, punching his best friend on the shoulder.

"That's also not a four letter word."

Freezing up, the second years looked over their shoulder to the third member to their study group. Chuckling nervously, they waved a hello as Ennoshita stood behind them, tapping his foot impatiently.

"What are you doing?"

"We were just helping out [Name] andâ€"

"Get back to studying!"

"Okay!"

â€|*A page for four letter words.**

80. Chapter 80

Page 80â€|

The sound of a small bell chiming at the front of the store takes Ukai's attention of the newspaper he's reading and flickers his gaze toward the door. His eyebrow twitches in annoyance as he notices a familiar first year female enter, her usual smile plastered onto her face as she waved to him in greeting. As she chirps out a friendly hello, Ukai responds with a grunt. He turns his eyes back toward the newspaper, only half reading the words on the page now, the other half of his attention span keeping a watchful eye on his normal store intruder.

Totally clueless to the pair of eyes watching her every move, [Name] makes her way over to the magazine rack at the side of the store. She's in full view of the counter where Ukai is sitting, but that doesn't stop her from picking up a few magazines and flipping through them. Her hands graze across the glossy paper, eyes scanning for any particular articles that catch her attention. There's a wide range of magazines in the store today from sports magazines to fashion weeklies all the way to the boring books filled with crossword puzzles.

Picking up a magazine at random, [Name] flips through the pages, her eyes scanning for anything of interest. It's on a page all about cooking ware where she finally stops, the pictures of delicious foods catching her attention. It isn't the words she's searching for, however, and soon her eyes are quickly skimming over the article, in search for one thing or another.

Meanwhile, Ukai has set his newspaper down on the counter in front of him. He'd watched [Name] flip through the magazine for a few minutes before she finally settled on a page. Just what was she up to this time? Leaning to the right in his chair, he tried to get a better vantage point to see what she had planned. Was that a sharpie in her hands?

"Oi, [Name], you can't mark that magazine without paying for it first," he yelled out to her, standing from his chair. He started walking around the counter, ready to force the sharpie out of her hands if push came to shove. "I don't care how much you like 'Spot the Difference', you can't mark in an unpaid for magazine."

"That game gives me a headacheâ€|" Capping the sharpie, [Name] shoved

it back into her pocket. She just hadn't been quick enough this time.

"Look kid, I've let you take things from here before, but not today." Now standing in front of her, Ukai tried to use his superior height to his advantage. With a piercing gaze, he loomed over her, one hand outstretched for either the magazine, or the money she owed.

Sighing in defeat, [Name] rummaged through her other pocket for a bit before producing some paper currency. Without counting it, she shoved the money into Ukai's hands. Satisfied, the older male went back to the register with money in hand. It wasn't until he was back in his original seat did he notice the amount she had handed over.

"Hey, [Name], come over here to get your change."

"No thank you," she responded with a smile before walking toward the exit. "That's all the money I owe you from all the other times too."

â€|Glue in a page from a magazine; circle words you like.

81. Chapter 81

Page 81â€|

"You can do it, Nishinoya-senpai!"

Hopping up in down in one place, [Name] cheered for her second year friend. She was clapping her hands to his effort, every so often producing a small handkerchief to mop up the sweat that had started to accumulate on his forehead. She was really proud of him for trying to accomplish the task she had tried in vain to do. It should have been obvious from the start that he'd be far more superior in completing the goal.

"Hush, I need to concentrate," he grumbled, through the words came out as nothing but a garbled mess. Not understanding his instruction, [Name] continued to cheer him on.

With a sigh, Nishinoya placed the pen back into his mouth. The cap was off, making the writing utensil readily available in the case where he needed to use it. Lowering himself gently to the floor, where [Name]'s book lay wide open, he placed the end of the pen onto the paper. He could already feel himself shaking, causing the path that the pen took to look shaky as well. If he wasn't careful he wouldn't be able to put in the fine details to his work. On the other hand, however, if he was too timid in placing the marks onto the page, the ink would come out faint, leaving barely anything left behind. It was a game of skill and one that he intended to win.

Watching as Nishinoya slowly moved his head in certain directions, [Name] couldn't help but wonder what he was writing. Could it be his signature? The answers to his upcoming test that he needed to remember? Some valuable life lesson? His phone number (not that she'd want that, anyway)? Whatever it was, Nishinoya was taking his sweet time in writing it down.

"Come on, Nishinoya-senpai," [Name] groaned, slouching down next to him. All her previous enthusiasm had left as the clock counted down. He'd been writing for at least five minutes. "We don't have forever. Lunch break is going to be over soon!"

"Don't rush me!" His retaliation was just as muffled as his previous instruction, made only more difficult by the wobbling pen in his mouth.

Placing the final finishing touches onto his masterpiece, Nishinoya slowly pulled away from the page of the book. He spit the pen out onto the floor, moving his jaw around in an attempt to fix the stiff muscles there.

"That looks great," [Name] exclaimed, picking her book off the floor to see what Nishinoya had written. After scrutinizing it, she came to the simple conclusion that it was just too messy. Bluntly, she asked, "So, what is it supposed to say?"

"What?! You can't read it?!" Snatching the book from her hands, Nishinoya looked over the words he had been painstakingly sketching out with his teeth for over five minutes. The scribbles on the page barely resembled the kanji he had been trying to write, but he could still read it clear as day. "It's an homage to my love, Kiyoko-chan!"

"Ew, Nishinoya-senpai, this is my book! You don't write love letters to other girls in _my _book!"

â€|Write with the pen in your mouth.

82. Chapter 82

Page 82â€|

Sitting alone at a table in the middle of a shopping center, [Name] kicked her legs back and forth as she flipped through the pages of her journal. She was waiting for her mother to finish a business meeting before they traveled home together and had decided that reminiscing over the completed pages was a good way to pass the time. Distracted by her memories, she barely noticed the pair of guys walking toward her until one of them had decided to speak up.

"Uwah, is that really you, [Name]-chan?"

Looking up from the page she was currently looking at, [Name]'s curious gaze was met with a pair of familiar looking eyes. The boy approaching her had light brown hair and a slightly freckled face. He was smiling, waving in excitement as he quickly closed the distance between himself and her. Behind him, [Name] recognized another familiar face. Dark brown hair and a bored scowl settled onto the second guy was what made [Name] realize just who these two were. Grinning at her sudden realization, she stood from her seat to meet the guys halfway.

"Izumi-kun, Sekimukai-kun, it's been a really long time!"

As she finally approached them, [Name] gave each of the guys a short hug in greeting. She hadn't known the two of them as well as Hinata

had back in middle school, but she wasn't completely unfamiliar with them. Inviting the two of them to sit with her back at the table she had claimed, she asked them about their current schools. In return, she talked about her adventures at Karasuno and the crazy things that happened nearly on a daily basis.

As the three teenagers sat at the table, they barely noticed the time slipping past them. The sun had soon begun to make its slow crawl toward the horizon evident, casting the area in an orange glow. [Name]'s cellphone began to ring, signaling an incoming call from her mother. After excusing herself from the conversation with her old friends, she answered the call quickly. Her mother's meeting had finally ended.

"Ah, it looks like I have to be on my way now," [Name] said with a hint of disappointment. It had been fun catching up with Izumi and Sekimukai. "And you two should probably get home too, right?"

"Yeah, it's getting pretty late already," Sekimukai said as he glanced at his watch.

"We should keep in touch more often," Izumi chimed in. "We already email Shou-kun often, but I don't think we have your email, do we?"

"Oh, no, let me give that to you." Searching for a pen in the bag she had carried with her proved to be an easy task and soon, [Name] was flipping through her journal for a suitable page to write on. Finding one that she and Hinata had worked on together, she wrote down her contact information twice before ripping it out and dividing it between her two friends. "There you go! Make sure to email me as soon as possible! You need to tell me what happened after you got caught by the principal!"

"Trust me, it wasn't a very pretty sight," Izumi teased.

Waving goodbye, the three friends parted ways.

â€|Give away your favorite page.

83. Chapter 83

â€|38 egaP

"?gnihtemos htiw em pleh uoy naC .trams yllaer er'uoy
,nuk-ihcugamaY"

.elims a htiw yriuqni reh denruter eh sa ffo ti devaw ylkciuq tub
,sdrow gnitnemilpmoc reh ta skeehc sih otno elttes hsulb a fo
sgninnigeb eht leef dluoc eH .mih ot txen thgir pu dne ot ylno
,ylkciuq moorssalc sih ot rood eht hguorht deretne]emaN[sa dehctaw
neet delkcerf eht ,ksed sih no krow loohcs eht morf pu
gnikool

"?tuoba em ksa ot deen uoy did tahW" .won rof kaerb eht droffa dluoc
eh os ,tnemngissa ysae na saw tI .edisa krow nwo sih gnicalp ,detats
eh ",uoy pleh dluoc I sseug I"

.yad eht rof snoitcurtsni reh erew taht sdrow owt eht ta gnitniop

,egap tnerruc reh ot koob eht denepo ydaerla dah ehs .mih fo tnorf ni koob eht gnicalp ,gab loohcs reh morf lanruoj reh tuo dellup]emaN[,reh pleh ot deerga yllautca dah raey tsrif wollef reh taht tcaf eht ta gnilimS

"?syas ti tahw wonk uoy oD" .egap eht no gnirettel hsilgnE eht ta gnitniop ,detnemmoc ehs ",gnikool yknuf era sdrow eseht tub ,flesti yb hsilgnE gnidaer emit drah a evah ydaerla I"

.elims a]emaN[evag eh ,flesmih sdrow eht ot gnitniop .yas ot gniyrt saw ti tahw tuo erugif ot lamron naht regnol sdnoces wef a mih koot ylno ti ,llitS .mih ot railimaf yrev t'nsaw taht yaw a otni tup erew yeht tub ,hsilgnE ni deedni erew srettel eht .noisufnoc ni ecaf sih pu dehcnurcs ihcugamaY ,snoitcurtsni eht ta gnicalG

".sdrawkcab etirW â€|syas tI" .drawkcab gniog ti psarg dluoc ehs yaw on saw ereht ,drawrof gniog hsilgnE psarg t'ndluoc ehs fI .snoitcurtsni eht gnidaer emit drah a gnivah neeb d'ehs yhw gninialpxe ,dias eh ",drawkcab gniog er'yehT .redro gnorw eht ni era srettel esehT"

.sdrow laer eht ees yllautca ot ihcugamaY naht regnol tol a reh koot ti os ,noitcerid etisoppo eht ni gniog srettel eht ezilausiv ot reh rof drah saw tI .meht ot nrettap fo tros emos evah ot mees did yeht ,ylesolc erom ti ta gnirats saw ehs taht woN .srettel eht ta decool ehs sa daeh reh fo pot eht ta gnihctarcs dnah eno ,riahc tseraen eht otni depmuls ehs .reilrae tuo ti derugif gnivah ton rof bmud tlef]emaN[

"?huh ,trams era yllaer uoY .nuk-ihcugamaY sknahT" .ettenurb eht morf kcab koob reh gnikat ,elihw a retfa delbmum ehs ",esnes fo tol a sekam taht sseug I"

.yad eht rof thgiltops s'ihcugamaY gnilaets ,retsaf tol a tpmorp eht tuo derugif ylbaborp evah dluow eh ,ereht neeb dah eh fI .ni emoc dah]emaN[erofeb tmemom a rof moorssalc eht fo tuo deklaw dah amihsikust dalg saw eH .keehc sih fo edis eht ta hctarcs ot regnif a detfil ihcugamaY ,niaga ecno yrettalf reh ta gnihsulF

"?egap taht no etirw ot gniog uoy era tahw ,oS" .dias ihcugamaY ",lla ta elbuort on saw tI"

.yldetcejed dias ehs ",sdrawrof etirw ylerab nac I .erus oot ton m'I"

".yas ot tnaw uoy tahw em llet tsuj uoY .uoy rof ti etirw syawla dluoc I" .rehtruf reh pleh ot dab ylbirret eb t'ndluow ti taht dediced ihcugamaY ,tnemom a rof gnikniht ",lleW"

"!tseb eht er'uoy ,nuk-ihcugamaY"

** .sdrawkcab etirWâ€|**

84. Chapter 84

Page 84â€|

'December 3: Today, Hinata-kun shared some of his snack with me during lunch. His mom packed pudding!'

'December 24: It's nearly Christmas! I hope everyone likes the presents I got them!'

'January 1: Happy New Year!'

'January 6: I forgot to do my homework today! I'm so happy Yamaguchi-kun offered to help me finish it before classes started!'

'January 17: I wish it was still break.'

'January 29: There's only a few more months of school left. I can't wait for vacation!'

Looking down at the last known entry in her journal, [Name] could feel the frown etching itself onto her face. She traced the letters she had written there, feeling the weight of them on the paper. Despite not having much of a physical presence, the symbolic weight of the words written dropped down on her like a ton of bricks. She'd written the sentence weeks ago and had thought nothing of it back then, but now that vacation was coming upon them faster, she couldn't help but think about the implications.

"Hey, Daichi-senpai?"

The small voice of the female first year was something Daichi wasn't used to hearing. Usually she was loud, rambunctious, and border line obnoxious, but at the moment she seemed almost feeble sitting next to him. Shifting his gaze from the practice match before him to [Name] for only a brief second, he grunted in response, prompting the girl to continue.

"Summer vacation is coming up soon." Despite the optimism that usually trailed along with those words, Daichi could still hear the waver in [Name]'s voice as she said them.

Finding it strange that she would suddenly become so quiet, Daichi turned his full attention toward her. She was facing away from him, but the subtle shake of her shoulders and the heavy breaths he could hear told him more than what he needed to know. A frown settled on his face, wrinkling his forehead as he tried to think of a reason for the girl to be upset.

"[Name]?"

Ignoring him, [Name] continued on with what she was going to say, taking a deep breath. "It's just, school will be ending soon. That means the third years will be leaving Karasuno soon and I just wanted to say thanks before I lost my chance, you know?" By now, Daichi could practically hear the hiccups in her voice and he knew [Name] had started tearing up.

Lifting an arm, Daichi wrapped it gently around [Name]'s shoulder, bringing her in for a hug. As he held her for that moment, his hand reached up to pat the top of her head. He could feel her tears staining his shirt, despite the fact she'd been trying so hard to keep them in.

"It's been a great year," he finally said after a while. "I'm glad I

got to know you."

â€|Document time passing.

85. Chapter 85

Page 85â€|

'It's another beautiful day here at Karasuno! The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, the grass is green and smells likeâ€| grass! And oh, did I mention that we're all going to die? Yeah! Because Takeda-sensei is driving us to Tokyo again on the bus from hell!

'If I knew I was going to be dragged along on this training camp again, I would have prepared myself earlier! But no, Hinata-kun only told me about a week ago that I'd be coming along again, so I had to rush my preparations. It takes a while to mentally prepare for the driving styles of Takeda-sensei, you know? Ah well, at least I have all of my friends here to take care of me during this trip.

'Speaking of friends, I'm sitting next to Hinata-kun for this bus ride again! Not that it's a surprise or anything; I always sit next to my best friend. But he's asleep right now, which is why I actually have time to write in my journal. Otherwise, he'd probably be complaining right now that I wasn't paying attention to him.

'It's amazing to think that Hinata-kun can sleep through all this noise. I mean, with Nishinoya-senpai and Tanaka-senpai yelling about everything and anything and Daichi-senpai yelling at them to settle down, there's a lot of noise in the bus. Even the music that's playing on the radio is a little too loud.

'Ah, I wonder what kind of music Tsukishima-kun is listening to. He always has his headphones on whenever possible; he must listen to some pretty good stuff. I feel bad for Yamaguchi-kun though. He's always trying to talk to Tsukishima-kun, but the dumb blonde just doesn't listen. Ugh, Trashyshimaâ€|'

The sudden jerk of the bus as it ran over a speed bump caused [Name] to lose her grip on her pencil halfway through her thoughts. Dropping the writing utensil, she could only watch as it quickly rolled away from her toward the farthest end of the bus. It'd be too unsafe for her to get up and retrieve itâ€|not that Sugawara would let her even attempt to do it in the first placeâ€|and nobody else seemed to have noticed it roll away from her. Shifting so she could rummage through her bag, [Name] was disappointed to see that she'd also left the rest of her pens and pencils back at home in Karasuno.

"Looks like I can't continue with my internal monologueâ€|" Sighing in defeat, [Name] closed her journal and tucked it away into her bag. She'd have to save the rest of it for later.

With nothing else to do, [Name] settled for merely glancing around the bus and eavesdropping on her friends' conversations. It wasn't a difficult task, seeing as the small bus echoed with their words. Between the buzzing conversations and the hum of the vehicle, [Name] soon found her eyelids becoming heavier. Head drooping down every so often, it didn't take long for the first year female to fall asleep

where she sat.

As the bus continued to bounce along the road, [Name]'s body continued to react to the vehicle's momentum. Eventually, as gravity took its effect, her head started leaning this way and that.

It wasn't until she woke up an hour later that she'd realized she'd slept on Hinata's shoulder through the entire bus ride.

He'd never admit he'd been awake for half of it.

â€|This space is dedicated to internal monologue.

86. Chapter 86

Page 86â€|

"Fear me, stain, for I have soap and water!"

[Name]'s giggles, along with the laughter of the other females that made up the managers of various teams, filled the small space of the kitchen. They were all working together to wash dishes, soapy hands holding onto slippery dishes and wet towels doing their best to dry off water stains. It had been a messy dinner and most of the kitchenware had suffered through the calamity, so the girls had all gotten together to work on the mess as a team. After all, teamwork made everything go faster and seem a little more fun.

As she dipped the sponge she held under the water, [Name] reached for yet another dirty dish from the pile the boys had brought in at the end of dinner. It was a stack nearly as tall as she was and she'd barely started cleaning half of it by the time they'd brought in more dishes. Damn those boys and their second, third, and fourth servings.

"[Name]-chan, are you sure it's a good idea for you to leave your journal right there?" Yachi pointed at the book that was sitting on the counter next to the dirty dishes. It's pages were opened to a certain page, though there seemed to be nothing on it yet.

"Oh, yeah it'll be fine," [Name] reassured, waving a sudsy hand through the air and splashing her friend with a little water in the process. "Even if something does happen, it's not like it hasn't been through worse before."

Shrugging off her friend's nonchalance about the situation, Yachi went back to her own work on drying the pile of dishes that [Name] had already finished washing.

Minutes passed with the two of them washing and drying, often handing off their dishes to yet another girl whose job it was to put the dishes back in the cupboards surrounding them. With such a simple minded task at hand, it didn't take long for [Name]'s mind to go on auto-pilot.

Right hand reaching for a dirty dish, she'd dunk it in the soapy water a few times before scrubbing at it with her sponge. The grime that stuck to it would easily come off, leaving only streaks of bubbles behind it. After removing the food remnants, [Name] would

dunk the dish into a second tub of water, removing the suds before handing the dish off to Yachi. If the plate happened to have a particular stain that wouldn't be removed so easily, she'd instead hand it off to another girl who would use a harsher sponge to scrub at the dish. All of this would be repeated once a dish was out of [Name]'s hands.

Grab a dish. Dunk it in. Wash it. Dunk again. Pass it along.

Grab a dish. Dunk it in. Wash it. Dunk again. Pass it along.

Grab a book. Dunk it in. Wash it

Wait a moment.

Looking down at the object in her hands, [Name] groaned as she noticed the tearing, soapy pieces of paper in her hands. Maybe she should've listened when Yachi suggested moving her journal.

|Scrub this page.

87. Chapter 87

Page 87|

[Name] could feel her heart beating unbearably fast. Her cheeks were stained red and her palms were sweaty. She could hear the blood pumping through her veins, the sound almost obnoxiously loud. At least it was partially drowned out by the rambunctious boys surrounding her in the gymnasium, all of them excited about the miniature volleyball tournament to come. If she hadn't been pretending to be deeply interested in the current game at hand, she was sure somebody would have noticed her discomfort by now. Shifting in her seat, [Name] bit her lip as her eyes followed one person in particular.

She had asked Yachi about her current condition; why would her heart flutter so fast and why did she suddenly feel breathless? At first, the two first years had thought that [Name] had come down with some horrible disease, but they hadn't wanted to jump to conclusions. The both of them had then asked Shimizu, who had some more answers to give, but not everything. They'd then taken the situation to the other female managers of different volleyball teams, each one having their own say in what was causing [Name]'s sudden palpitations. Nobody knew the true reason however, though they all had their guesses.

Only one person knew the truth behind her condition and that person was [Name] herself, though she'd never admit to any of the other girls what she knew because she was afraid. No, it hadn't been some horrible disease that she'd caught, but it might as well have been. [Name] had come down with something she deemed far worse than a disease. Something she may not be able to heal from.

[Name] had fallen in love.

She didn't dare to tell anyone of her discovery, not wanting to disclose such fragile information to anyone but herself. This is what

brought her to her current situation.

Sitting on a bench on the sidelines, [Name] could feel herself wringing her hands together in a nervous manner. She hadn't felt so awkward the day before, but ever since she discovered her true feelings, she couldn't help but feel the butterflies fluttering around her stomach every time she looked at her crush. She hoped and prayed she was doing a good job at hiding her feelings, but a handful of people had already noticed her odder than normal behavior.

Perhaps she would feel better telling someone her secret?

Pulling out her journal and a pen, [Name] flipped to a random page—one she hadn't been to in a really long time—and started scrawling out a message in messy script. Nobody ever said the thing she had to tell her secret to had to be another human being, so her journal should do just fine.

_'I can't believe I'm actually writing this here,' _she started off, glancing around to make sure nobody was eavesdropping on her one-sided conversation. _'But I have a secret I need to tell you.' _

A stray volleyball hitting the floor a few feet in front of her caused [Name] to flinch, but she pressed onward, writing out the rest of her message.

_'There's somebody here at this training camp that I like. As in, like-like. Maybe love.' _Glancing up toward the court, [Name] smiled as she caught the eye of her crush.

'His name is—|'

—|Hide a secret message somewhere in this book.

88. Chapter 88

Page 88—|

Rubbing at bleary eyes, [Name] scrawled hastily into her journal, trying her best to not make too much noise in the dead of night. Using her cellphone as her only source of light proved to be difficult, for she still had a really hard time seeing the words she was writing. She couldn't afford to turn on the light in the room, however, lest she wake up the other person there.

Glancing over toward the bed, [Name] noticed that Yachi was fast asleep. The young blonde girl had a long day at school and an even longer day at volleyball practice. It wouldn't be fair for [Name] to ask her to turn on a light and possibly ruin her sleep pattern.

Rubbing at her neck, [Name] stretched the sore muscles that were there. "I shouldn't have slept on my journal," she muttered quietly to herself. She looked down at the pillow that was on her futon. It would've been so comfortable if her book hadn't been underneath it for most of the night.

_ 'I had a pretty weird dream. It was about a dragon with fluffy, orange hair,' _she wrote, drawing a small picture of the fluffy haired dragon next to her sentence. _ 'It was actually kind of cute. But it didn't really do much other than toss around a volleyball. I think I've been hanging out with the team too much. I should try to get together with some of my other friends some dayâ€" '_

"[Name]-chan?" Suddenly, the light in the room flickered on. The young girl yelped a bit in surprise as the fluorescent lights blinded her for a moment, shielding her eyes with her arms. "[Name]-chan, what are you still doing up?" Yachi asked, rubbing at her eyes.

Feeling caught, [Name] gave off a nervous laugh with an apologetic look. "Sorry, I was writing something in my journal."

"Why didn't you turn the light on then?" Yachi asked, yawning after her sentence before she stretched her body.

"I didn't want to wake you up or bother you," [Name] responded.

Giving her friend a smile, Yachi leaned over toward the lamp on her bedside table. She fiddled with the switch on it for a moment and [Name] watched in amazement as the bulb dimmed and brightened while Yachi twisted it left and right.

"Wow, you have one of those cool dimming lights!" [Name] exclaimed, taking over for Yachi and messing with the lamp.

Nodding in agreement, Yachi allowed her friend to play with the lamp before they both finally decided on setting it to dim. "Next time you want to turn on a light, you can just set it to something like this. I promise I won't mind," Yachi reassured her, laying back down onto her bed.

"You're the best, Yachi-chan," [Name] whispered as Yachi went back to sleep with a smile.

Turning to her journal, [Name] continued writing down her dream.

_ 'Anyway, the fluffy haired dragon would only play volleyball, but I had suggested playing soccer for a change. Surprisingly, it was good at it. It was very energetic, like someone I know.' _

â€|Sleep with the journal; describe the experience here.

89. Chapter 89

Page 89â€|

Sitting next to the young first year female, Tanaka watched as she continued to scribble on the edge of her book's pages. The box of crayons that she had kept with her in her school bag was spilled out onto the table, all of the colors easily accessible to her whenever she needed them. Every so often, Tanaka would flick at one of the crayons, watching as it rolled across the table and away from him.

Before it could roll off the table and onto the floor, he would pick it up, resetting it back into the place it had originally been in.

"Oi, [Name]-chan, are you done coloring on the side of your book yet?" Tanaka drawled out lazily, having grown bored of watching her do the simple task for nearly a full ten minutes.

"Just a few final touches," she said, picking up the black crayon. It was merely a stub of what it used to be after repeated use by the first year girl. "And I think I am finished now!"

Thanking the heavens that she was finally done, Tanaka sat up straighter in his seat. Now that she had finished, the two of them could surely get a move on to the gymnasium where she had promised to help him with some work. Standing from his seat, Tanaka jerked his head in the direction of the gym.

"Great, now let's go before the bell rings," he grunted.

"W-Wait," [Name] stammered out, pulling on the sleeve of Tanaka's uniform to get him to sit back down. "I want your opinion on the drawing!"

Reluctantly, Tanaka sat back down in his seat and took the journal from [Name]'s hands. He flipped it around to the side where she had been drawing on with her crayons, his eyes squinting as he scrutinized the work she had done there. Colors seemed to mix together into a misshapen blob and there seemed to be no real pattern that she had been following. The lines of her drawing were sloppy if there were any at all and Tanaka couldn't tell if she had smudged the black and orange in the corner on purpose or if it had been an accident. All in all, it was a terrible drawing. He couldn't even tell what it was supposed to be.

"Yeah, it looks fine," he grumbled, not wanting to hurt the young girl's feelings. "Now come on, lunch break isn't going to last forever. We have to hurry beforeâ€"

Suddenly the shrieking sound of a school bell echoed throughout the halls. Tanaka groaned as he heard it, knowing full well he'd receive some sort of punishment from his captain since he couldn't finish the work in the gym before practice. Handing the journal back to [Name], Tanaka bid her farewell before he hightailed it back to his class.

Staring at the edge of her book's pages, [Name] gave a little pout. "He wasn't even looking at the picture correctly," she mumbled.

Pushing on the pages slightly, she revealed the secret fore-edge picture she had drawn on the page. It was a cute illustration of the volleyball team, each member being represented by the very animals [Name] felt represented all her friends. As she hastily placed her journal back into her bag, [Name] thought she would simply have to show Tanaka the picture again later. After all, she couldn't have him believing the only thing she knew how to draw were gloppy messes.

**â€|Close the journal; write/scribble something on the

edges.**

90. Chapter 90

Page 90

"Asahi-senpai!"

Flinching as his name was called out in the middle of the hallway, Asahi glanced around in a vain attempt to look for the owner of the voice. He already knew who it belonged to—he'd heard it a million times already within the last few hours—and he really didn't want to be caught between the owner and a corner. Opening the door to the nearest classroom, Asahi fled into the room in hopes that [Name] hadn't seen him walk inside.

"You really think you can hide from me?"

Yelping in surprise, Asahi quickly turned on his heel to see the much shorter girl standing exactly behind him. She was smiling, her trademark book in her hands as she rocked back and forth on the balls of her feet.

"What is it now, [Name]-chan?" Asahi sighed in defeat, realizing that he'd never be able to escape her for as long as he tried.

"I just wanted to ask you to help with this page," [Name] responded, flipping open the book.

Hands immediately going to the top of his head, Asahi leaned up and away from the girl as he gave her a wary look. "Does it involve pulling out more of my hair?"

Laughing at his assumption, [Name] shook her head for a negative answer before handing the book over to Asahi. He glanced down at the page as he took it into his hands, reading the instructions that were there. From what he could tell, she'd already visited most of the other members of the volleyball team, their unique scrawls lining the page in a neat list. Half the things they wrote seemed pretty obscure and Asahi wondered if [Name] would actually attempt to do half the things they'd written for her to do. Seriously? Eat the page with ketchup? That had to be either Nishinoya's or Tanaka's suggestion.

"Uh, I'm not really sure what else I could contribute," Asahi muttered after a while. Despite popular belief, he was not a very destructive person so he couldn't think of a single thing to write that would fit in with the prompt for today.

"Sugawara-senpai told me that you would say that," [Name] muttered, nodding to herself as she remembered the silver haired teen's words. "That's why I decided to come to you last! See? I was nice enough to give you time to think about it!"

"I can't think about it if you didn't tell me about it beforehand!" Asahi exclaimed in exasperation.

"Oh— Well. Think of something now then!"

Feeling pressured, Asahi wracked his brain for its most destructive thoughts. "What aboutâ€¦ putting it through a paper shredder?" He asked, blurting out the first thing that came to mind.

"â€¦Asahi-senpai, did you have to destroy evidence for something before?"

"What?! No! Don't jump to conclusions like that!"

â€¦Write a list of more ways to wreck this journal.

91. Chapter 91

Page 91â€¦

Smashing the brightly colored orange carrot into the page of her journal, [Name] proceeded to stain the paper with its color. The vegetable almost melted into the page, having been boiled for so long previously to the point it was soft and mushy. Wiping away the extra debris it left, [Name] was left with the same shade of orange staining a certain section of her journal's page, the color standing out from all the others that had been accumulated there.

"What should we try to stain the book with next, Natsu-chan?" [Name] asked, throwing away the rest of the carrotâ€¦"who wants to eat those nasty things?â€¦"and looking toward the younger female.

"Hmm," the young girl hummed, bringing a slightly chubby finger to her lip in thought. After a moment, she snapped her fingers the best she could in an attempt to mimic her older female counterpart. "We should smash potatoes into the page!"

"I'm not sure they would leave a very noticeable stain," [Name] thought aloud. "Aren't potatoes white? A white stain on a mostly white page isn't very fun."

"But they're brown and icky on the outside," Natsu countered, skipping over to her kitchen and rummaging through the place she knew her mother kept the fresh vegetables. After a few moments, she returned to [Name]'s side with a brown spud. It was lumpy and had started growing eyes. The two girls wrinkled their noses in disgust at the weird looking food. "See? It's all dusty too!"

"I suppose that works then," [Name] said as she held out her hand to receive the potato.

Refusing to pass the root over to [Name], Natsu held onto the potato in her small hands. "I want to do it this time, [Name]-onee," Natsu whined, holding onto the potato as if it were one of her favorite toys.

"Fine, fine," [Name] sighed despite the smile on her lips. Handing the journal over to the young girl, she pointed at a spot on the page that was still relatively clean. "Do it over there, okay? That way the color can show up really good."

"Okay, [Name]-onee!"

Placing the potato's skin on the page, Natsu clumsily rubbed it into the paper. The dirt that had been on the spud started to crumble off a bit, falling to the page and getting smeared onto it as well. A faint brown color started to appear on the crisp white corner of the page, staining it the same color as the potato's skin. [Name] started to wonder if the potato would be completely white if they just bothered to wash all the dirt off of it beforehand.

"There we go," Natsu said, feeling accomplished as she set the potato to the side. She had rubbed with it pretty hard, causing a small spot on the vegetable to be near skinless. Setting it aside on the counter, the two girls looked at the work they had done so far. "It looks like an ugly rainbow."

"Yeah," [Name] agreed, looking at the dingy colors they had chosen. "What should we do next?"

"Grass?"

"Sure!"

â€|Stain log.

92. Chapter 92

Page 92â€|

Walking up casually to the gym where he was going to be teaching his nephew some volleyball, Oikawa was surprised to see a familiar Karasuno female sitting on the steps to the gym. He was even more surprised to see his nephew sitting next to her, the two of them laughing together as they pointed at something in her lap. He could see that she was holding a bookâ€"the same book he saw her with the last time they'd metâ€"and that it was open to a page near the back. Had she been that far through the book last time he saw her? There was no way.

"Oi, Takeru, what are you doing? Shouldn't you be inside warming up?" Oikawa drawled as he approached the two, his hand raised halfheartedly in a wave.

"Oh, Tooru!" Oikawa's nephew jumped from his seat next to [Name], waving a hello to his uncle before excitedly walking over to the much taller male. "I was talking with this girl. See? She's really funny and draws bad pictures, but those are funny too!"

"Hey, that's really mean to say, Takeru-chan." Setting her book aside, [Name] stood from her seat and brushed the dust and dirt from her clothes. Her eyes locked onto Oikawa's and she gave him a smile. Despite the sincerity that seemed to radiate from her, Oikawa was still wary about her presence. "It's been a long time since I've seen you last, Oikawa-senpai. How are you?"

"Eh? Tooru, you know her?" Takeru asked, pulling on his uncle's sleeve.

"She's just some girl from another school I played," Oikawa answered quickly, flashing a grin in his nephew's direction. "Go ahead and warm up inside, kiddo. I'm going to have a short chat."

"Okay!" Takeru agreed, picking up his stuff before running into the gym. As he ran past her, he waved a short goodbye to [Name].

"I'm doing fine actually," Oikawa said, answering [Name]'s previous question. It was odd having a normal conversation with someone he had a bad first impression of. "What are you doing around here?"

"My cousin plays at this gym and asked if I could come watch today," [Name] answered. She smiled, holding out her hand in a friendly manner for a handshake. "Looks like we might see each other here every so often if I continue to watch him play."

Reluctant at first, Oikawa eventually gave in to [Name]'s handshake and gave her a small grin. Maybe it wouldn't be too hard being civil with someone who went to school with his rival.

"By the way, what were you showing to Takeru?" Oikawa asked as the two of them walked into the gym.

Having picked up her journal, [Name] flipped it open to the page where she had been drawing earlier that day. There was an ugly drawing of two people playing what he could only assume to be volleyball. One of them had a crown and the other was sobbing uncontrollably.

"It's you losing to Kageyama-kun."

"O-Oi!"

â€|Doodle over the top of this page and in the margins.

93. Chapter 93

Page 93â€|

Watching his nephew play a small match between friends, Oikawa stood proudly knowing that he had been the one to help Takeru improve so fast. There was something to be said about that fact that he could teach children how to play volleyball, especially when one of the children was a spoiled brat who was related to him. He enjoyed watching their practice game and would have done so in peace if it hadn't been for one person.

"Oikawa-senpai, are you sure there isn't any tape in the gymnasium?"

Letting out an annoyed sigh, Oikawa pinched the bridge of his nose. "No," he responded for the umpteenth time. He was starting to wonder why he ever thought the Karasuno girl could be decently civilized. "I told you, there's some glue in the office. Go use that."

Rubbing at the back of her neck, [Name] averted her gaze from the much taller male. "Uh, I'm not really allowed to use glue anymore. Not after what happened last time," she mumbled before adding, "And all those times before that."

"That's not really my problem then, dummy," Oikawa said, sticking his tongue out at her childishly.

With a huff, [Name] did the same, sticking out her tongue as she tugged on the bottom of her eyelid in an equally as childish manner. Anyone looking at the pair would wonder if they really were the high schoolers they said they were.

"I can't believe there's no tape in here," [Name] grumbled after a moment. "Not even crummy medical tape. What kind of gym is this? I don't think I feel safe with my cousin playing here."

"What did you need the tape for, anyway," Oikawa asked, his curiosity getting the best of him.

"I just need to stick two pages in my journal together."

"Why?"

"Because it said so."

"That's dumb."

"You're dumb!" Puffing her cheeks in anger, [Name] could feel a heated, angry blush staining them. Just as she was about to continue with harsher words, the older pair was interrupted by the sound of a young kid's laughter.

"[Name]-onee, you just need something sticky," Takeru suggested as he ran up to her side.

Gesturing for her to open her book, Takeru stuffed his fingers into his mouth before pulling out a fat wad of gum. He stuck the saliva covered gum on the page before closing [Name]'s book and running back toward the game. Both Oikawa and [Name] deadpanned in disgust.

"Does he always chew gum on court?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

Figure out a way to attach these two pages together.

94. Chapter 94

Page 94

Coughing as dust and debris filled the air, [Name] waved her arms around in an attempt to get the particles away from her nose. This task proved difficult, seeing as the dust only continued to float around in the air, soon causing the young female to sneeze uncontrollably from the contaminants entering her nose. Why on Earth she had decided to help clean out the storage room closet, she would never know.

"[Name]-chan, did you need help carrying those boxes out of the room?"

Turning her head away from the task before her and toward the only doorway in and out of the storage room, [Name] saw Kinoshita poking his head in and looking right at her. Behind him, Narita was also

peeking into the room. Their faces were smudged with dust and dirt in some places, showing signs that they had been working hard with her to empty the room.

"I got it," [Name] replied after coughing one final time. "It's just so dusty in here!"

"That's why we're cleaning it," Narita replied, walking into the room to help with the boxes anyway. As he picked one up, a new wave of dust filled the air. "We need to move all this stuff around once in a while otherwise things might start growing in here."

"You mean like that thing?"

Following the direction [Name] pointed in with his eyes, Narita was horrified to see a black substance in the corner of the room they had already cleaned out. It looked almost gelatinous in texture, similar to an ooze that had found its way into the storage room. If he looked at it long enough, Narita swore he could see the mass move slightly as if it were breathing. He felt a shudder go down his spine. What the hell was it and when did it get there?

"Dude, I thought that was just an expression," Kinoshita said after getting a good look at the mass himself. "I didn't know you were serious."

"I didn't know I was either," Narita responded, his eyes keeping a close watch on the sludge. He felt wary of its presence. "What do you think it is?"

"No clue."

"I'm going to touch it!"

Before either Narita or Kinoshita could protest, [Name] had bounded over to the mysterious ooze in the corner. She reached out for it, her fingers outstretched, but changed her mind in the last second. Grabbing her book instead, she opened it to a page and poked the sludge with the corner of it instead. The black substance slowly started spreading across the page and [Name] panicked.

"It's alive," she shrieked, throwing her book down and stomping on the black ooze in an attempt to stop it from spreading any further. "It's eating my book and it is alive!"

"Dude!"

"That's it! We're cleaning this room out more often!"

â€|Rub this page on a dirty surface.

95. Chapter 95

Page 95â€|

Staring at the pile of programs for the upcoming volleyball tournament, [Name] worked up the courage to ask for one from the people handing them out. Nervously walking up behind one of them, a beautiful girl who looked to be just out of high school, [Name]

fidgeted with her fingers a bit and stuttered out her request.

"Ah, uh, sorry," she started off, poking the older girl's shoulder to gain her attention. "Could I maybe have one of those?"

The older girl looked between [Name] and the programs she had in hand. "Didn't you pick one up earlier?" She asked, squinting her eyes a bit. She was sure she recognized the girl.

"I, uhâ€¦"

"[Name]-chan, hurry up or we're going to be late!"

Turning toward the voice, both girls noticed a hyperactive redhead jumping up and down in the middle of the hallway. [Name] flushed as she watched Hinata call out for her, feeling embarrassed that her best friend was acting so wildly in a public place. About to walk away, the young Karasuno student was stopped when a gentle hand was placed on her shoulder. It was the older girl, her other hand holding out a couple programs and a gentle smile on her face.

"If you wanted to grab a program for you and your boyfriend, you should have just said so," the older girl said, giggling to herself.

Flushing a darker shade of red, [Name] snatched the programs out of the older girl's hands. "He's just my best friend!" Turning on her heel, she quickly walked over to where Hinata was still hopping up and down in wait for her. Flipping through the program, she started tearing through some of the pages, retrieving small strips of paper here and there and shoving them into her pocket. By the time she reached Hinata, she'd already torn through an entire program.

"Eh? [Name]-chan, what are you doing with those programs?" Hinata asked, catching up with her as she walked right past him.

"I need to get some W's out of these books," she said hastily, avoiding his eye contact.

"Oh?" Hinata said, looking at his friend more closely. Suddenly poking her cheek, he grinned. "Hey, why is your face all red, [Name]-chan?"

Halting in her steps, [Name] turned to look at the hyperactive male. She huffed a bit, ignoring his question before continuing to stalk off toward the volleyball courts. "If you don't hurry up, Daichi-senpai will get angry," she hollered, not bothering to stop for Hinata despite the fact he was falling behind.

"H-Hey! What did I say?" Hinata asked, bewildered. "At least let me have one of those programs before you tear it up!"

Behind them, the girl who had handed [Name] the programs was giggling to herself as she watched the couple of students walk away.

â€¦Collect the letter W.

Page 96

Breathing heavily, [Name] ran around the field outside Karasuno's gymnasium, a net in her hands as she trailed a dragonfly through the air. As it zipped past, she turned on her heel as quickly as possible, nearly falling over from the sudden momentum of her movements. She ran after it, panting heavily from having been chasing it for so long. Just as she was about to give up, the bug stopped in its constant flight, hovering just above her head as it rest its wings.

"Finally!" Jumping from her spot, [Name] swung the net above her head to try and catch the dragonfly. "Darn it! I still can't jump high enough!"

Frustrated with her vertically challenged self, [Name] huffed a bit and threw her net down. Maybe she could ask somebody taller to help her. Looking around the area, her eyes landed on an unfamiliar guy standing just outside the gymnasium where her friends were practicing. He was looking in through the window, watching the events in there intently with a smile. It made [Name] feel suspicious. Sneaking up on him, she made sure to stay as quiet as possible until she was just behind the rather tall guy. Why did he look a little familiar?

"Are you spying on the volleyball team?"

Startled, the tall guy turned around to face [Name] with a start. He had a hand on his heart, his eyes wide in shock as he looked down to the short girl. Shaking his head, he placed a finger to his lips in a shushing manner. "I just wanted to see someone play. Please be quiet; if he sees me, he'll stop."

"Only if you do me a favor," [Name] replied smoothly.

"E-Eh?! Fine, just keep it quiet about me being here," the guy agreed. "What do you want me to do?"

"Take this net," [Name] instructed, handing the butterfly net to the guy. "And go catch that dragonfly over there." Looking back over to the place where she had left the bug hovering, [Name] was shocked to see that it was gone. "E-Eh? Where did it go?"

"Oh well. Looks like it flew away," the guy commented, handing the net back to [Name]. "Maybe next time, okay? After practice. What did you want the dragonfly for anyway?"

"I was going to keep it and raise it as my own, then when it died I was going to put it in my book." Receiving a questioning stare, [Name] elaborated. "I was instructed to collect dead bugs, but I can't bear to kill them. I'd rather them go on their own."

"Okay" The guy said, turning back toward the window to continue watching the volleyball practice.

"What's your name by the way? I'm [Name]."

Glancing at the girl, the guy responded lowly with, "Tsukishima

Akiteru."

[Name] nodded. Wait. Why was that name so familiar? It couldn't be! "Hey! You're Tsukishima's brother!"

"Shhh!"

Collect dead bugs here.

97. Chapter 97

Page 97

Humming to herself, [Name] drummed on a page of her journal with a couple of markers she'd found in her bag. She was tapping with them in time with her humming, going along with the rhythm of her song. She'd been doing that for nearly half an hour, occupying herself as she waited for Hinata to leave the restroom at the gymnasium. Swinging her legs as she sat down at a table in wait for him, she switched songs and markers, starting again with some different colors and a different tune.

Feeling a sudden poke on her shoulder, [Name] paused midway through her song and turned to face the person trying to get her attention. She had to crane her neck up to see the person's face, but once she did, a large grin made its way onto her features.

"Oh, Aone-senpai, hello!" [Name] lifted her hand in a greeting, waving at the much taller male.

Giving the Karasuno girl his own short wave, Aone smiled. He glanced down at her journal, taking a peek at what she had been doing. Noticing his stare, [Name] looked back at her journal as well. He was probably wondering what it was she was up to this time.

"I'm just using these markers to drum on the page," she said, showing him the paper dotted with different colors. "Do you remember these? You helped me get them the first time I officially met you!"

Aone nodded, opening his mouth to say something. Noticing this, [Name] was excited. She'd never really heard him speak before, so this special occasion was sure to be treasured. Unfortunately for her, he was interrupted when another male voice popped up behind him.

"Eh, Aone, you know this girl?"

Looking over at the shorter male approaching from behind Aone, [Name] snapped her fingers in recognition. She'd definitely seen him before.

"You're Moniwa-senpai! You go to Date Tech with Aone-senpai," [Name] exclaimed, confirming with herself more than anybody else. Receiving a nod as her answer, [Name] immediately shifted demeanors and began to pout. "You interrupted Aone-senpai! He was just about to say something!"

"E-Eh? Sorry," Moniwa mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck. "Wait? He was going to say something?!"

At his former teammate's surprised words, Aone flushed an embarrassed shade of red. He glanced at Moniwa and [Name], mumbling to himself about something or another, but the sounds were barely audible to either person present.

"There's no need to be shy," [Name] encouraged. "What were you going to say earlier?"

Taking in a deep breath, Aone opened his mouth once more to tell the first year girl what he had been wanting to say to her from the start of their conversation. That is, untilâ€|

"Oh, is that Aone-senpai? Aone-senpai! Hello!" Hinata's voice rang out through the room as ran back over to the table they were all at.

Frustrated, [Name] turned with a huff and began drumming on her page again.

â€|Drum on this page with pencils.

98. Chapter 98

Page 98â€|

"Shimizu-senpai, does this look like a boat to you?"

Shimizu looked up from her work of washing a few of the muddied up volleyballs as [Name] approached her, a piece of folded paper in her hands. It wasn't surprising to see the young first year asking her for help, seeing as Shimizu knew from previous experience that [Name] wasn't very good at origami. Taking the paper contraption that [Name] called a boat from her hands, she immediately began unfolding it and refolding it into a much less complicated shape.

"Here, this should work better," Shimizu said, handing a newly folded boat to [Name].

Eyes sparkling in adoration, [Name] thanked her senior a million times over. She'd have to ask Shimizu how to fold paper into such interesting things on a later date, but for now she had something else she had to do. Turning on the hose that Shimizu had been using to wash the volleyballs with, [Name] pointed it away from the two girls. The water flowed, creating a small stream that ran down the length of the walkway as it traveled down the gentle sloping hill. Setting the hose down on the floor, she kept the water running as she found a nice spot she found satisfactory.

"All sails ready, captain? Aye aye, captain. We ready to go afloat? Aye aye," [Name] said, talking to herself as she started to gently place the paper boat into the small stream that she had made. "And we're off!"

Watching the paper boat go down the stream, [Name] was excited to see that it was working. It wobbled slightly due to the wind, but for the most part it actually did look like a small boat floating down a river. That is, until the cool liquid started seeping into the page further, causing it to quickly become damp. Before it had even gotten

a few feet away from her, [Name]'s boat fell over into a sopping wet mess, no longer floating down the stream but rather being forced down it by the flow of the water.

"Oh no! We're taking on water," [Name] exclaimed, running over to pick up her paper boat. "Abandon ship!"

Carrying her paper boat back over to where Shimizu had been watching the entire scene unfold, [Name] bent over to turn off the flow of water. The hose stopped spitting out the stream, slowing down to a mere drip. Turning toward Shimizu, [Name] held up the mushy remains of her boat, a sad expression on her face. It was dripping, causing drops of water to fall down her hands and arms which threatened to make her shirt damp if she didn't lower it soon.

"Maybe it just wasn't meant to be," she said sadly. "I guess I should go find a hot rock or something to dry this on."

[Name]'s sudden shift in thought process was just as disorienting as her earlier actions. Walking away from the area, [Name] set off to go dry the page in the sun so she could stick it back into her journal. Shimizu was left standing near the hose, the volleyball she had been cleaning earlier still resting in her hands.

The older girl stared after [Name], still utterly confused as to what had happened.

â€|Float this page.

99. Chapter 99

Page 99â€|

"What's the surprise you wanted to show me, [Name]-chan?"

Walking into [Name]'s kitchen, Hinata was a little shocked to see a rather large machine in the middle of her counter. [Name] was gesturing toward it extravagantly, her arms held out in front of her. She was smiling at him with that grin that told him he was expected to know what the machine was. There was just one problem with that though: he didn't.

"What is that?" He asked, stepping closer to look at the machine more carefully.

"It makes shaved ice!" [Name] took a step back from the machine, appraising it with her eyes. "We also got the syrups for it too! Vanilla, banana, cherry; you name it. We can make any kind of snow cone we want to!"

"Whah, really?! Can we make one right now?" Hinata asked, excitement flowing through him at the thought of having a sweet treat.

"Yeah, sure," [Name] agreed as she walked over to her kitchen's freezer. "My mom taught me how to use it, so it should be alright."

Standing on her tiptoes after opening the freezer door, [Name] reached up to the top shelf to grab one of the large ice blocks that

her family now kept there. She grabbed it bare handed, the cool ice biting into her skin. Shivering a bit as she closed the freezer door with her foot, she walked over to the machine and placed it on the metal surface that would shave it for them. She tightened the machine around the heavy block, ensuring that it wouldn't come flying out at either her or Hinata.

"Okay, while I do this, you can go choose the flavors you want," she said, pointing Hinata in the direction of the cabinet that held the syrups.

Walking over to the cabinets, Hinata opened each of them until he found the ones containing the flavors. Behind him, he could hear the metallic grinding of the machine as it got to work shaving the giant chunk of ice. Curious as to how it worked, he quickly grabbed whatever flavors he could carry, not really caring which ones he had taken.

"Wow that looks so cool!" He exclaimed, watching as [Name] caught the shaved ice in a bowl for the two of them.

"Yeah, but I think we're going to need to start over with another block. Look." Gesturing to the bowl of ice she'd caught, [Name] pointed out the small bits of paper that were in it. At first, she had wondered why the small pieces were coming out of her machine—had she left a sticker in there?—but then she remembered what she had done earlier that week. "I froze a page of my journal into a block of ice and must've accidentally grabbed that one."

"That's okay," Hinata reassured. "We can start over."

"Good," [Name] said with a smile. "I'll go get another ice block. You might want to choose different flavors too. I'm not too sure soy sauce and vinegar would be very good snow cone flavors."

â€|Figure out a way to freeze this page.

100. Chapter 100

Page 100â€|

Standing outside the gates of an unfamiliar school, [Name] looked up at the towering buildings. She had been sure to follow Hinata's direction carefully, taking every twist and turn he had instructed, so she was sure that she was at the right place. Then again, she had followed his instructions before and had ended up halfway across town in the wrong direction. There was a fifty-fifty chance she was in the right place.

Looking around for some sort of sign, she was glad to see the school's name written in fancy letters on a plaque. She had safely arrived at Shiratorizawa. Now all that was left was to find a nice spot to hide something in.

Sneaking onto campus had been easy; not a lot of people were around after hours. Wandering around the expansive school grounds, [Name] went in search of the perfect place. It was near the gym, where she could faintly hear people practicing, that she decided to hide her

object. Shuffling through her school bag, she produced a single plastic shovel—the kind you would use to build sand castles with—and she started digging in the dirt. It took a while, some hard chunks of earth and rock mainly being in her way, but she had eventually dug out a good sized hole in the ground. Slowly, she placed a single page of her journal in the hole before covering it up with dirt. All that was left to do was pack it down and leave as if she had never stepped foot there.

"What are you doing?"

Startled, [Name] quickly whizzed her head around to stare at the newcomer. She came face to face with a dark haired male, his glaring eyes unsettling her as she tried to quickly come up with an excuse. Rubbing at the back of her neck with a dirty hand, she looked at the plastic shovel she held in her other one.

"I, uh, I'm gardening?"

The stranger could tell that [Name] was lying, his glare intensifying. If looks could kill, [Name] was sure she'd be dead.

"Just hurry off of campus already, Karasuno-girl," the older male said with a snippy tone, turning on his heel to stalk back into the gymnasium. It was only then that [Name] noticed the volleyball under his right arm.

Nodding in agreement despite the fact she knew the guy would no longer be able to see her, [Name] quickly finished packing the Earth back into place before walking back towards the entrance to the school. Her mind was occupied on trying to place a name to his face; she was sure she had seen him somewhere before. It had to be at one of the volleyball matches that she often frequented with Hinata. After all, the guy played the sport.

It wasn't until she had walked quite a distance away from the school where she finally realized the guy's identity.

"Ah man, that was totally Ushijima-senpai," she exclaimed to nobody in particular, upset with herself for not realizing sooner. "I should have got an autograph!"

|Hide this page in your neighbor's yard.

101. Chapter 101

Page 101|

"Are you sure this is a good idea, Tanaka-senpai?"

Sitting on the piece of cardboard, [Name] was sure she was starting to feel the dew from the grass start to dampen it. Peeking down toward the bottom of the tall hill they were on, she was started to feel slight vertigo. It was a long way before they reached their final destination.

"We'll be fine! Trust me," Tanaka laughed, jutting a thumb into his chest as he grinned at the younger girl. "Now on the count of three,

we'll go. One."

"Two!"

"Three!"

Pushing off from behind him, Tanaka started the movement of the piece of cardboard, the thick paper material sliding along the grass. As they slowly started making it toward the slope of the hill, their speed picked up. Soon they were sledding at full speed down the grassy hill. A bit scared, [Name] reached behind her and grabbed Tanaka's leg for support. She could hear him laughing heartily as they continued to slide at an increasing speed.

"Don't forget your book," Tanaka reminded, pointing at the book [Name] held in her lap with a little difficulty.

Nodding, [Name] pulled out her journal and opened it to the next page. Placing it open side down onto the grass rushing by them, she slid her book along with them. At the speed they were going, it was a little difficult for her to hold onto the book completely. Eventually it left her fingers, rolling away from the two of them before finally coming to a stop somewhere behind them.

"Uh oh," Tanaka mumbled, barely audible to [Name]'s ears. "Hold on!"

Suddenly his arms were around her, holding onto her smaller frame. [Name] didn't know what caused him to suddenly hold her until she looked ahead, seeing the giant dip in the grass just ahead of them. Feeling nervous once more, [Name] grabbed onto Tanaka's arms, holding him for some sort of comfort. The dip was coming up fast.

Sliding right over the top of the dip, both Tanaka and [Name] were thrown off the piece of cardboard. The two of them rolled the rest of the way down the hill, Tanaka's arms still around [Name] like a cage. When they finally came to a stop, he let go of her with a grunt. He felt dizzy after having rolled halfway down the hill.

"You okay, [Name]-chan?"

Looking over to the younger girl, Tanaka saw her dusting off some grass and debris from herself. She had a few leaves and twigs in her hair and there was a small cut on her cheek where a bead of blood had started to form. He felt bad suddenly for causing her to get hurt. That is, until a large grin settled onto her face as she looked at him with joy.

"Let's do that again, Tanaka-senpai!"

Roll the journal down a large hill.

102. Chapter 102

Page 102

A familiar scent wafts through the air causing both Nishinoya and Tanaka to look around. Their eyes scan the area for any sign of the one person they knew could have that certain perfume. She's nowhere

to be seen, which confuses them greatly, yet the scent is so strong.

Suddenly [Name] rounds the corner, a piece of paper in hand and a smug smile on her face. Her eyes quickly go over to the second year duo, her smile getting larger until it's a full on grin. She skips over to the two and the scent gets stronger. Could it be that she bought a new perfume for herself? Both boys give her a short wave as she sits with them at their table.

"Hi, [Name]-chan," Tanaka says, holding out his closed fist and bumping hers in greeting. Nishinoya does the same, nodding to [Name] in greeting. "What do you got there?" He asks, gesturing to the paper in her hand. Of course, he knows by now that it has to be a journal page.

"Oh this?" [Name] asks, holding up the folded up piece of paper. "It's just something I think one of you would want to buy."

"Why would we want to spend money on that?" Nishinoya asks, scrunching up his nose. It was just a piece of paper; nothing too special about it.

That was when [Name] fanned the paper through the air in their direction. The small breeze hit them in the faces, carrying a familiar scent with it as it did. There was no doubt about it this time. That paper had Shimizu's perfume all over it. Both boys stared at the page with slightly wide eyes, gulping down the lumps in their throats. It was just enough perfume to fool them into believing that their beloved Shimizu was nearby.

"W-Why would we want that when we can just go see Kiyoko-chan ourselves?" Tanaka reasoned. He would not be duped into buying a simple piece of paper with some perfume on it. No matter how much it reminded him of the heavenly third year girl who claimed his heart.

"Maybe because it also has this," [Name] responded with a smirk, unfolding the piece of paper to show the words that were written inside. "I got Shimizu-senpai to write something on the inside."

Looking down at the page, both boys began to immediately blush at the words written on it. It was Shimizu's signature and along with it was a very sweet message that read, 'You're the best! XOXO'. Both Nishinoya and Tanaka could feel the tips of their ears turning red just by imagining Shimizu saying those words to them.

They had to have it.

"I want to buy it!" They both said, looking at [Name] desperately before turning to glare at each other. There was only one page, so only one of them could have it. It was clear it would have to be fought over. "I'll pay more for it," they both said in unison again.

"Well, well," [Name] chimed, her smirk becoming devious as she fought to urge to chuckle at the events she had predicted to happen. Folding the paper back up, she placed it in the pocket of her uniform before continuing. "Looks like we have ourselves an auction. Why don't we

start with five?"

â€|Sell this page.

103. Chapter 103

Page 103â€|

Standing off on the side of the gym, Ennoshita watched as his fellow teammates had a short three on three match with each other. His eyes followed both the movements of his teammates and the path of the volleyball, looking for anything that might prove to be useful in future games against other opponents. As he watched, he didn't hear the shuffling of a certain female first year just behind him.

With her journal duct taped to her shoe, [Name] was trying her best to walk around the gym. This task proved to be difficult seeing as every time she tried to take a step, the pages would flutter and cause her to nearly trip. After unsuccessfully walking around in the same circle for a few moments, she thought it would be best to simply drag her journal covered foot along the ground. Taking a step with her left and dragging her right, that was when [Name] noticed that her journal was actually quite slippery along the surface of the gym. It would do well for some pretty interesting mock-figure skating routine.

With her new discovery in mind, [Name] began to play out the movements of a professional figure skater, pushing off with her shoe covered foot and sliding along the gym floor with her journal covered foot. She moved across the floor almost flawlessly. With a grin, she'd stop every so often to try and spin in a circle on her one leg, wobbling a bit from lack of balance. Soon, [Name] was journal skating across the entire length of the gymnasium. She would go from one side to the other, always sure that she wouldn't be getting in the way of the volleyball players, skating along on her journal. Every so often she'd take a short break for a breather, balancing on her shoed foot to keep herself from slipping across the floor unintentionally.

"I wonder how fast I can go," she commented to herself as she rested against the far wall of the gym.

Taking a stance, [Name] prepared herself to make a mad dash for the other side of the gym. She kicked off with her shoed foot, giving herself a few good kicks before balancing on her foot with the journal attached to it. Sliding across the floor, [Name] could feel a slight breeze blowing past her. Just how fast was she going?

Suddenly, a stray volleyball was hit out of bounds on the court. [Name] watched as it bounced high into the air before coming back down straight in her path. It was going to collide with her in a matter of seconds and she had no idea how to stop her sliding spree without hurting herself. The collision was inevitable.

Closing her eyes, [Name] barely registered the sound of a volleyball bumping against somebody's forearms. She didn't bother opening her eyes again until she was suddenly stopped from sliding across the floor when she bumped into a person instead. Said person wrapped their arms around [Name] to stop her momentum, steadying her so she

could stand straight.

Opening her eyes, [Name] looked up to her savior. "Ennoshita-senpai, thank you!"

With a smile, Ennoshita nodded his head. "You're welcome." Then, he flicked [Name]'s forehead, his pleasant smile suddenly replaced by a scolding frown. "Stop fooling around and watch where you're going next time. You could get hurt in here, [Name]-chan."

"A-Ah, okay senpai," [Name] said with an embarrassed blush.

â€|Turn the book into a shoe.

104. Chapter 104

Page 104â€|

Bent over with a rag in her hands, [Name] ran across the floor in a straight line to clean up the dust and sweat that had been accumulating on the gym. Everyone had been assigned a task to make the clean up after volleyball practice go a lot faster. It just so happened that [Name], Nishinoya, and Tanaka had been assigned the task to mop up the floors, leaving them to be the last ones in the gym.

Standing up after she'd reached the other side of the gym, [Name] stretched out her aching muscles before wiping a little sweat from her brow. They'd only cleaned about half the gym so far and still needed to mop up the rest. Watching as Nishinoya ran up beside her, his own rag in hand, [Name] settled on a great idea to make the mopping go faster and with a little more fun.

"Ne, Noya-senpai, let's have a race," she suggested. "Let's both start at the same time and see who can get to the other side the fastest!"

"You sure about that?" Nishinoya asked, a smug grin on his face. "I wouldn't want to discourage my kohai by beating her in a race."

"As if," [Name] challenged back. "Come on, let's start. Tanaka-senpai, can you count down for us?"

"Okay," Tanaka called from the other side of the gym once the both of them had gotten into their starting positions. "Three. Two. One. Go!"

Running her legs as fast as she could, [Name] slid her mop along the floor. She could see Nishinoya beside her out of the corner of her eye and frowned at the fact that he was slowly pulling ahead. Soon, he was passing her by completely, leaving only the sight of his moving legs as he ran faster than her across the polished wooden floor.

"I win!" Nishinoya said in triumph as he made it to the other side.

"Hold on," [Name] protested with panting breath. "I demand a rematch!"

Best two out of three."

"[Name]-chan, don't deny the inevitable," Nishinoya said, patting her shoulder.

"No, no, let's go again!"

Getting her senpai to agree, both [Name] and Nishinoya got back into their starting positions like before. Only this time, Nishinoya hadn't noticed how [Name] slipped her journal underneath her rag. Figuring that she'd been able to slide along the gym so easily the day before with it, it should be a breeze now that her actual intentions were to slide the fastest.

"Ready," Tanaka said, starting to count. "Three. Two. One. Go!"

Running as fast as she could, [Name] once again saw Nishinoya out of the corner of her eye. She forced herself to go a little faster, her arms nearly slipping out from under her with the slick surface her journal provided. This time, ever so slowly, she started to pull into the lead, leaving Nishinoya in her dust.

"I win!" She exclaimed happily on the other side, not noticing how her journal fell from her hands.

"No fair, [Name]-chan," Nishinoya whined. "You cheated!"

â€|Slide the journal down a long hallway.

105. Chapter 105

Page 105â€|

"Hey, Kageyama-kun, are you going to eat that carrot?"

Raising an eyebrow at the question, Kageyama looks over at [Name]. She was staring at him with wide eyes, every so often her gaze flickering down to the bright orange vegetable. Shrugging, Kageyama nudged it to her direction with the end of his chopsticks.

"You can have it," he said lowly, moving on to munch on the other vegetables in his bento.

"Thanks!"

Picking the carrot out of his bento with her fingers, [Name] rolled it onto her paper plate. She picked it up and bit off a piece, chewing on it a bit to feign as if she were eating it normally. After a while, she bit off a smaller piece, spitting it out onto the page of her journal. Noticing her actions, Kageyama watched carefully what [Name] was doing.

With the tip of her finger, [Name] smashed the small piece of carrot into the page of her journal, the orange color staining the paper. It was right next to other colorful stains that littered the page, each one made out of a substance that Kageyama almost didn't want to ask about.

"What are you doing?" He finally asked reluctantly, curious as to why the girl was still smashing pieces of carrot into her book.

"I need to put colorful things on this page," [Name] answered easily as if it were the most simple solution in the world.

"And all the other stains areâ€|?" Kageyama didn't want to finish his sentence, afraid that everything on the page was some sort of remnant of food. Wouldn't her book start to smell after a while?

"This blue one is a jelly bean, the red one is a rose petal, the yellow one is some lemonade, and now I have orange from your carrot," [Name] answered, pointing at each color.

Nodding at her answers, Kageyama scrunched up his nose. He never understood why the girl would go to such great lengths to do the things her book said to do. Turning back to his lunch, he started nibbling on the food he still had left. Picking up a green bean with his chopsticks, he placed it against his lips to chew on the end of it. Meanwhile, he didn't even notice [Name] reaching into his bento with her own pair of chopsticks.

"I'm taking this," she said quickly, taking the last green bean from his bento without permission. Chewing off a piece, she smashed it into her page. "There, now I have green!"

"H-Hey! You can't just take things without asking!"

Putting the rest of the green bean in her mouth, [Name] chewed the vegetable, not bothering to cover her mouth as she talked with it full. "Too late now. I'm eating it."

Scrunching his nose again, Kageyama averted his eyes with the edges of his cheeks turning lightly pink. How could girls be so gross?

****â€|Smush something colorful onto this page.****

106. Chapter 106

****Page 106â€|****

Taking a sip of water from his water bottle, Tanaka swished it around before preparing for what might be the hardest thing he had to do yet. Concentrating, he looked at his target. It was a good five feet away. This would be a challenge. Winding himself up, he tensed up his muscles before hocking the biggest, watery loogie of his life.

"Aw, damn, I missed," Tanaka grunted, kicking at the dirt beneath him as he handed the water bottle over to Nishinoya.

"Sucks for you, man," Nishinoya said, patting his best friend on the back. "My turn."

Standing a few feet away, [Name] watched as Nishinoya performed the same actions as Tanaka only to miss the target himself. Wrinkling her nose in disgust, she wondered why she'd ever let the two of them complete this page of her journal. They went back and forth, handing the water bottle to each other, taking a sip, then spitting out the

sticky mess at her book which lay on the floor a few feet away from them all. [Name] had wanted to run out and save her book on multiple occasions, but she was afraid of being hit by a flying ball of saliva herself. By now it was much too late, the floor where her book lay being covered in a semicircle puddle of spit.

"I don't know if you guys are going to make it," she said, her fingers twitching to get her book back. She had to do some pretty disgusting things to her book before, but this one had to take the cake. "Maybe we should give up on this plan and choose to do something else?"

Spurred on by her negativity, Tanaka and Nishinoya stared at her with determination burning like fire in their eyes.

"No way," Nishinoya said. "Now we're just going to try even harder! Tanaka! Rapid fire!"

[Name] watched in horror as the two of them passed the water bottle between each other at a faster rate, spitting the water in the direction of her journal every few seconds. Their aim was getting better, the loogies slowly inching closer and closer to the pages of her journal. [Name] could only hope that they'd run out of water before they actually got a clear shot.

A sudden, heavy hand on her shoulder caused [Name] to momentarily tear her eyes away from the horrific scene in front of her. Asahi was standing beside her, his eyes also watching what Nishinoya and Tanaka were doing. He was shaking his head, a small smile on his face as his eyes shone with sympathy.

"You should have never let them have your book," he said quietly, looking down to the young first year.

With a sigh, [Name] hung her head low. "I know that now."

Suddenly, the sound of disappointed groans filled the air. Looking at the pair of second years, [Name] watched as they pouted and threw an empty water bottle to the floor. The duo had run out of water.

Pumping her fist in the air with victory, [Name] ran over to her journal, careful to avoid the puddles of spit on the floor, and picked it up into the safety of her arms.

"Good try guys! Better luck next time!" She said, running away from them.

â€|Squirt liquid here; try using your mouth.

107. Chapter 107

Page 107â€|

Walking calmly to the gymnasium in the early morning, Sugawara and Daichi were having a rather pleasant conversation. They'd both arrived at school at the same time, deciding to head over to the gym for some early morning practice. Swinging the keys in his hands, Daichi led the way to the double doors that would lead the duo to the

familiar polished floors of their beloved court.

"Wait, Daichi, did you hear that?" Sugawara's hand on Daichi's shoulder caused him to pause halfway through unlocking the door.

Listening carefully, the two of them put an ear up to the door of the gym. A muffled sound resounded through the space, quieted by the thick door in their way. There was shuffling, as if someone or something was moving around in an unpredictable fashion. Straining their ears to pick up even the tiniest of sounds, the duo could barely make out the sound of struggling groans.

"What do you think it is?" Daichi asked, leaning away from the door. His voice was barely above a whisper, not wanting to alert the thing on the other side of the door to their presence.

"No idea," Sugawara whispered back. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he added, "Do you think we should go ahead and enter?"

Daichi could feel the beginnings of sweat trailing down the back of his neck. He was nervous, but nodded nonetheless. Taking hold of one handle to the door—"Sugawara taking the other one"—Daichi placed the key in the lock once more, only to find that the door had been horrifyingly unlocked already. With deep breaths, the boys gathered up as much confidence as they could before bursting through the double doors at once.

"Ah!"

The sound of a body dropping to the floor immediately caught their attention. There was an intruder in the gym! Scanning the room, bodies already pumped up for an impending fight, Sugawara's and Daichi's eyes landed on the figure slouched over on the gym floor. They were covered in off white bandages, the material falling off in clumps in random places on their body. Gauze left a trail on the floor, mapping where the intruder had been. Whoever it was, they were still groaning in exasperation, desperately trying to remove themselves off the floor through the burden of their bandages.

"No way," Daichi breathed, color draining from his face as he realized what the thing before them was.

Thinking the same thing, Sugawara took a tentative step back toward the door. "Is that a mummy?"

Suddenly, and with great speed, both boys ran from the gym, a trail of dust in their wake as they searched for the closest adult possible. There was no way they would ever stand a chance against a mummy on their own.

Meanwhile, the figure had finally gotten up, removing some of the bandages from their face so they could see their surroundings better.

"Suga-senpai? Daichi-senpai? Is that you?" [Name] asked, still struggling to remove her journal which was taped directly onto her body.

â€|Cover this page in tape; create some kind of pattern.

108. Chapter 108

Page 108â€|

Sun beating heavily down on the people below, objects seemed to melt under its intensity. Summer was in full swing, temperatures rising and forcing people to take cover lest they be burned to a crisp. Those who dared to venture outside were blessed with sun-kissed complexions, but also cursed with peeling skin. It would be insane to actually want to do any sort of physical activity in this kind of heat. Unfortunately for [Name], that is exactly the type of friends she had: insane ones.

"It's too hot for this," she groaned, turning away from the beach volleyball game the guys were having.

Pen held firmly in her hand, [Name] scrunched up her face in concentration as she tried to trace the image of her toes onto the page of her journal. This task proved to be rather difficult for her, considering she wasn't as flexible as she had originally thought she was. It also didn't help that she was outdoors, the sun beating down and causing the already too white page to shine brighter than before. She just couldn't seem to see what she was doing.

"And done," she muttered to herself, finishing her outline.

Pulling back from the book, she looked at the sloppily traced picture of her toes. Going back in with her pen, she drew on some nails and smiley faces, making her bad drawing look at least a little bit more presentable.

"Oi, [Name]-chan, what are you doing?"

Looking up and shielding her eyes from the intense sun, [Name] noticed Hinata coming her way, his usual grin on his face and favorite volleyball under his arm. His knees were a little scratched and he had sand running all up his legs, but that was what happened when you decided to play volleyball on a beach. Glancing behind him, she noticed the other Karasuno volleyball playersâ€"except for Tsukishima and Yamaguchi, who were sitting on the sideâ€"still focused intently on their playful game in the sand.

"I was tracing my toes," [Name] said cheerily, showing the bad drawing to Hinata. "Don't they look cute?"

"Yeah!" Nodding, Hinata easily agreed before a pink tint stained his face. "Uh, do you want to play with us?" He asked, changing the subject before [Name] could question his reddening face.

Looking back out toward the sandy beach and the crudely drawn court the guys had set up, [Name] immediately shook her head in the negative. She could practically see the heat waves escaping the sand. How were the guys not burning the soles of their feet?

"No way," [Name] said firmly. "I am not risking the bottoms of my feet to play volleyball with you guys."

Looking back toward her best friend, [Name] noticed that Hinata had his hand outstretched toward her. He still held his usual grin as he cocked his head to the side, his eyes shining. He was doing the thing. He was doing the thing he knew would get her to agree. He was giving her his saddest kicked puppy look.

With a groan, [Name] grabbed his hand before dusting the sand from her shorts. "Fine! But only one game! After this, not only do you owe me an ice cream, but you have to help me finish my journal!"

!Trace your toes.

109. Chapter 109

Finally!

"Mommy, there's a package for you!"

Peeking out from behind the kitchen doorway, a much older [Name] watched as her young son burst through the front door with a small brown box in hand. The little kid bounced his way over to his mother, careful not to bump the package against anything lest he damage anything inside of it. Safely handing it over to his mother, the kid rocked back and forth on his heels as he grinned up at his mother.

"Can we open it? Huh, can we?" He asked, excited to see what [Name] had got in the mail.

"Sure thing, kiddo," [Name] responded with a smile, ruffling her child's hair.

Bringing both her son and the package into the kitchen, [Name] took out a sharp letter opener and carefully cut the tape holding the box closed. Once she could easily lift the tabs away from the rest of the box, she looked inside. There, in the tight fitted space of the small brown box, was a familiar journal she hadn't thought about in a rather long time. Smiling, she pulled the book out of its confinement, showing her son the colored and taped up edges of the pages.

"What's that?" He asked, examining the book closely. It didn't look like anything his mother would read.

"This is a journal my uncle bought for me when I was in high school," [Name] responded, her fingers ghosting along the outside cover. Fond memories of the past flashed through her mind as she looked at it. "My mom must have sent it over after finding it somewhere in our attic."

"Grandma sent this? Cool!" Picking up the book, [Name]'s son flipped it around and began reading some of the visible words. Every so often he'd stumble over one and [Name] would help him sound it out so he could read it better. "Can you tell me about all the pages?" He asked, flipping through it after [Name] had removed the tape from the outside.

"Sure," [Name] said, sitting next to her son at the table as she took

the book from him.

Flipping through each and every single one of the pages, [Name] told the stories that each page had to offer. She recounted many memories with her friends and the countless adventures they'd all been in. She even told him of all the times she'd gotten in trouble for doing something her book told her to do. As she told the stories, her son laughed, sharing with her the mirth that her memories brought.

"Oh, I like this page a lot," [Name] commented when they'd reached one of her favorite prompts.

"Why's that, mommy?"

"This one me and daddy did together," she explained, tracing the page with the tips of her fingers. "This was way back before we even started dating."

"What's daddy's favorite page?"

Suddenly, the sound of a car entering the garage resounded through the room. Smiling, [Name] once again ruffled her child's hair.

"You're just going to have to ask him yourself, now aren't you."

â€|Tape this journal closed and mail it to yourself. End.

End
file.